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Farm, Garden, and Household.

The Cost of Fences.

A writer in the Illinois Agricultural Report for 1864 says:

"The fences of the United States have cost more money than the houses, cities included; more than the ships, boats, and vessels of every description, on all the oceans, lakes and rivers; more than our manufactories, of all kinds, with their machinery; more than any one class of property, aside from real estate, except, it may be, the railroads of our country. This may be like an exaggerated statement, but a little estimate will show that it is not extravagant as would at first appear.

The first cost of the fences of New York State was between one hundred and one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Robinson gives it at $111,000,000. Assuming this to be approximately correct, and estimating the first cost of the fences of other States on the same basis, we have, as the total first cost of the fences of the whole country, the vast sum of $1,295,000,000.

This requires to be renewed once in ten years, giving $129,000,000 as the annual cost, to which should be added, however, at least half as much more for repairs, making the aggregate sum of $194,400,000 as the annual national expense—a sum we believe below the actual figures, yet quite beyond comprehension. James T. Worthington, of Ohio, says there are 18,000,000 acres of land in Ohio, enclosed within 45,000 miles of fences, at a prime cost of $135,000,000, and a yearly expense for repairs, etc., of $7,680,000.

If roadside and boundry fences can be dispensed with, half the cost of fencing will be saved. That cost is now an annual tax of $1.50 on every acre of improved land in the United States—the "fence tax" being twice or thrice as great as the aggregate of the State and local taxes combined.

Why cannot a large portion of this outlay be saved for some profitable investment? Every dollar resened from fences may be added to productive wealth. Fences are dead capital; they pay no interest, and are a constant drain upon the pocket. As Mr. Greeley says: "We poison our land with fences; they are a shelter for weeds, as well as a vast and useless expense. The indirect cost which they inflict is almost as great as the direct. A Virginia zigzag fence occupies five acres for every hundred inclosed, thus imposing a five per cent. tax on the market value of the soil a tax which would be felt to be oppressive if it was for the payment of the national debt instead of for the shelter of a growth of weeds.

Shall we fence stock out or in? There is no doubt that our people now expend four times as much money to fence stock out as would be required to fence it in. Our present custom, which requires universal fencing, is the worst blunder the practical American people ever made. Enterprising and original in many matters, they are here following slavishly, generation after generation, the habit of the earliest English settlers—following it, though very expensive and inconvenient, because it is "the good old way." Europe has learned a more rational way. There are ten times more fences in Illinois than in Germany; and Dutchess county in New York has more than all France. In France, Germany, and Holland, farmers hold their land in common, with only narrow paths between them.

The immense cost of sustaining fences; the inconvenience of having them always in the way of thorough tillage, and of easy egress and ingress to the premises; the impassable snow drifts accumulated by them; the shelter they afford to weeds and briars; the protection they afford to many of the worst animal pests of the farm, and their unsightly appearance generally throughout the country, as the receptacle of stone-heaps, piles of brush and dead leaves, to say nothing of the countless acres rendered worse than useless by their occupancy, would seem sufficient reasons for disposing of fences where not indispensible for purposes of pasturing."

Curing Meat.

At this season of the year the thoughts of almost every farmer naturally turn more or less to the practicers of curing meat for the winter's use. Most farmers have a pig or two to salt down, and some have mutton or beef, and the quality of the meat which is to furnish food for the family, will depend a good deal on the way in which it is cured.

There are various modes of curing meat, but one of the best, perhaps, is that suggested by the Germantown Telegraph, which is as follows:

To one gallon of water, take one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, half an ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered salipetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this receipt is properly tried it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpass it, if so good.

CORNED BEEF. In cooking corned beef, at this season of the year so delicious, it should be put into boiling water when put on to cook, and when it is done it should remain in the pot until cold. This is the whole secret of having corned beef juicy and full flavored, instead of the contrary.

The Household.

TO CLEAN VELVET. Wet a cloth and put it over a hot flat iron, and a dry one over that, then draw the velvet across it, brushing it at the same time with a soft brush, and it will look as nice as new.

TO WHITEN PIANO KEYS. The ivory keys to a piano which have become yellow may be made white again by washing them with a sponge with diluted sulphurious acid, or a solution of hyposulphate of soda, and expose to the sun.

TOMATO CATSUP. Scald and peel your tomatoes; then place them in a kettle to boil. When done, cool and strain them through a sieve; then add pepper, salt and cloves. Scald them again, and add one table spoonful of brandy to one pint of the catsup, place in bottles, cork and seal while hot, setting it in a cool place.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES. Take cucumbers when fully ripe, pare them, cut lengthwise, and take out the seed. Put them into weak brine over night. In the morning drain them, boil till tender in weak vinegar and water, drain again, and put into jars; and turn over them the syrup hot. For the syrup or "sweet pickle," allow to each pound of fruit (?) half a pound of sugar; and one pint of vinegar to each four pounds of fruit. Boil the vinegar and sugar a few moments, then add mace, cinnamon, and cloves to your taste, let it boil and skim well. This pickle is as good for cantelopes, peaches or other fruit as for the above.

Tomatoes as a Feeding Crop.

Frequently we find in our rambles among gardens that the crop of tomatoes is immense, and rotting on the ground. We ask why do you leave them thus? They reply: "Oh, they will not sell for enough to pay for picking and carrying them to market." But we say they pay for canning, which, however, is a labor and often inconvenient to be borne by those in the house, and for a small lot of two to ten bushels of fruit it will not pay to erect a separate out-house and cooking arrangement. So leaving out the canning, let us take the other values of tomatoes and consider them as a variety of food to our domestic animals. Fed to poultry one peck of ripe tomatoes is as valuable as two quarts of corn, and feed with corn, quantity for quantity, we believe the balance of health gained by the fowls would do credit to the tomato. Fed to milch cows, tomatoes will add to the milk equally with the amount of shorts. Horses eat them greedily, but aside from their tonic healthfullness we do not know that there is any special gain, but in that one item the horse usually fed on grain will be benefitted to the imparting of renewed vigor, a brighter and softer skin and hair, more than the value of the tomatoes as compared with shorts.

We have often wondered that our milkmen who buy brewer's grains, yet have plenty of land, should omit the use of the knowledge that a bushel of tomatoes will ensure as much milk when fed to the cow as a bushel of brewer's grains. If any have doubts let them try it and report.

Don't Sacrifice your Stock.

"Of one thing I want you to warn your readers," said a prominent agriculturist, who is also a sagacious business man and a far sighted, prudent calculator, to us recently: "and that is, that they do not dispose of their young stock at too great a sacrifice. We promised to do so, and consequently give his own words above. He went on to say that stock is very low, as we all know, and that there is a very light crop of hay, as most farmers also know by experience. And lots and lots of stock will be sold and killed, and numberless old horses will be disposed of somehow, generally in such a way that they will not have much effect upon hay-mows. Consequently there will be more hay in the spring, possibly more at "thousing time" considering the amount of stock to be wintered—than farmers think for. In the spring, stock of all kinds—even old horses well wintered out—will command a high price. Whoever then is wise enough to take advantage of this, and able to do so, will find profit in the course. To such we say, don't sell your neat cattle, or your sheep, or your colts at a "way down" price. Manage somehow to winter them if they are not too old or too poor. The farmer who runs off his stock now for little or nothing is following a ruinous course, and one he will be sorry for. Keep all the stock you can the coming winter, that you can keep well. Don't starve anything—but don't dispose of anything at starvation prices, that you can possibly keep well. Notwithstanding the high price of hay, cattle and sheep and horses will pay for wintering. Farmers don't sell your stock at a great sacrifice! [Maine Farmer.

Renewing Meadows.

First harrow the ground thoroughly with a harrow with sharp teeth, in September; sow a liberal supply of seed; give the meadow a good coat of old manure, spread from the wagon; then brush it over so as to have the manure made fine and well incorporated with the surface. Another way is, when the ground will admit, to plow the meadow turning a smooth furrow, cultivating with the harrow and making the surface smooth; sow the grass seed, following with a liberal coat of old manure or compost, spread it evenly; use the brush to incorporate it firmly with the earth. This process should be completed in September, so that the young grass may be rooted by winter, and a full crop may be expected next season. Plowing and seeding with a crop of rye this fall, or a crop of barley early in the spring, may be desirable in some cases, but it will delay the hay crop at least one season. [Exchange.

BED-BUG EXTERMINATOR. A lady who moved into a house swarming with bed bugs, after cleansing the house, tells how she exterminated them from her bedsteads: "I took a teaspoonful of quicksilver, costing ten or fifteen cents, which I beat up with the whites of two eggs, just as I would make frosting for a cake; till the quicksilver was thoroughly mixed with the egg; this I applied with a feather to every crack and crevice where a bed-bug could hide, after washing the bedstead in cold water. This I repeated three or four times during the first summer, and about three times during the second summer. The result is, I have not seen a bug for two years. As the bugs will not stay where quicksilver is applied faithfully, it is necessary to overhaul the bedding frequently to capture stragglers who may be seeking a more healthful locality.

A German in Luck.

From the Laclede (Mo.) Republican.]

We have just come into possession of the facts in connection with one of those remarkable coincidences which appear more like romances that reality when presented to the public as an item of news.

Soon after the close of the war, a German named Herman Schubert, who had served three years in the Eleventh Missouri Infantry, located with his family in Livingston County, on a small farm. Herman, like most of his countrymen, had a large family, and the malaria so prevalent in the bottom lands of Grand River affected them as it does other families. Sickness and ill luck in various ways depleted Herman's purse, so that the struggle to keep the wolf from the door was lasting and severe. He was involved in debt to commence with, having made but a small payment on his homestead, and a mortgage was recorded to secure the amount unpaid. Herman was one of these persevering Germans who have done so much toward developing the agricultural resources of the country, yet persevere as he would, the payments he could not meet as they fell due. He who held the dread mortgage was fully convinced of the German's integrity, and was lenient to an unusual degree, but forbearance always ends, and so it did in this case. Herman's farm was offered for sale for debt. The gloom produced in that family by the sad event we will not attempt to describe. The care-stricken man made several attempts to raise money, but his friends were all hard up, too. Not one ray of hope gleamed on his prospects; still he plowed and toiled as though all were well. Now comes the astounding incident: The day that the farm was to be sold arrived. Herman went into the field to plow, as he had been doing for a few days past. For some unknown cause he was in buoyant spirits, notwithstanding the clouds hanging over his household. The land which he was plowing had at an early period been occupied by a Mormon family, judging from an object soon after exhumed by Herman's plow. The article in question was a pine box about two feet long by one foot deep, which had been buried about thirty years since, and when brought to the surface found almost decayed. But the contents of the box forms the subject of interest. Some articles of dress, papers, a Mormon Bible, and a small tin box containing $1,700 in gold and $7.65 in silver were found.

The overjoyed man seized the box, rushed home, entered the house where his patient frau was engaged at her usual duties, and exclaimed: "Mein Gott in Himmel! if it pees mine I bays for te farm right away." The frau and kinder soon took up the spirit of the occasion, and a scene of tumult ensued seldom witnessed.

The neighbors were quickly apprised of the German's good fortune, and lost no time to visit him for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity or expressing their congratulations. One gentleman, however, we are informed laid claim to the box, basing his right on the fact that his uncle once owned the farm whereon the valuable prize was found. The field in question had not been in cultivation for many years previous to Herman's taking possession of it. It was doubtless owned by a Mormon settler who skedaddled from this vicinity at the time these heretics were cleaned out by the Missourians.

Where the Sun does not Set.

The following graphic sketch is from the description of a scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and his party in the north of Norway, from a cliff above the sea: "The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like the slow beat of a pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the waves, a bridge of gold, running north, spanning the seas between us. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was spoken. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which lit up the ocean, heavens and mountains. In half an hour the sun swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the waters, one song after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slipped into another day.

The Country Life.

Not what we would, but what we must
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street,—
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead!—in that old, gray town,
The vane is seaward blowing:
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing:
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it;
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown—poor things!—which all despise.

Dear country home! can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor,
Well days, sound nights—oh! can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And last outlived the longest
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall,
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations!
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plow.

Exchanging Rings.

Prudence Holmes sat in the wide shady kitchen, busily engaged in "picking over" wortleberries. Without, the golden sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and the dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the nasturtiums, sweet-peas, geraniums, and zinnias in the little garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes, and glossy curls shading a fair brow, and cheeks that had a touch of wild-rose bloom upon them. The kitchen, too, made a prettier picture, with its well scoured floor and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hanging behind it, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal flowers set on the snowy table.

The kitchen was perfectly quiet, save the buzz of flies and the tick of the clock, and outside the crickets and the locusts alone disturbed the silence. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of a soliloquy uttered half aloud:

"Oh dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice."

"Miss Prudence," said a voice in the doorway, so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, is it you?" she said, hastilully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed the newcomer—a tall and rather aristocratic looking youth of twenty-one, with merry blue eyes, and short auburn hair, curling closely under a straw hat—diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go after lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week," responded Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder, as the straw hat was tossed upon a chair.

"I can't; I've got these berries to pick over."

"I'll help you. Lend me half that apron, and we'll have them done in a trice."

"But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away, and there are biscuits to make," insisted Prudence, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

"Never mind that," responded Mr. Abbott Wentworth, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea's at six, isn't it? and it's only half past two. We'll be back by five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river;" and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"W-e-ll," assented Prudence, after a pause for consideration, and a glance at the clock—"I can go for a little while perhaps. Oh, don't stain your coat, Mr. Wentworth."

But Mr. Wentworth was sublimely indifferent to his coat, and worked with such good will that the berries were soon picked over, and Prudence and himself on their way to the river. Five minutes later, Prudence, with her draperies daintly bestowed about her, was seated in the stern of a little boat, which, propelled by Mr. Wentworth's practiced hands, shot swiftly down stream.

Although Mr Wentworth said to Prudence five times within one hour that it was a lovely day, and although Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Prudence was quite absorbed with the lilies and the reflections in the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than at the aspects of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream, and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off from your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Wentworth, with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Prudence allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one for a moment, and then coquettishly withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired, archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in future?"

"Oh yes, if you please."

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it; or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours and take this instead," said the young man, daringly.

Provoking Prudence looked at the heavily chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent—

"I don't think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed, blushingly, that "it would do no harm to try," and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delightedly. "Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly, and disregarding his oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat—"because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask you—"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," cried his listener here, "do see that lily on your left. Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and twenty other if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me Prudence? Will you marry me?"

Prudence's face was turned away, and her head bent lower and lower. A crimson flush stole over ear, neck and chin.

"Prudence!"

No answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand again, venturously.

"Prudence, will you wear the ring?" he questioned softly.

But the hand was hastily drawn away; and a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Prudence's merry laugh rang over the water.

"I rather have grandma's, please. I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea-time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket, and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from college, and had held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along, and the rower's brows were knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at the offended young Hercules from under her hat.

Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and, having assisted Prudence to land, and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched grimly toward the house by her side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to keep from crying." When he at last left her at the door, with a cool, "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture, and had a fit of crying, with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn, half an hour later he did see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Prudence, with her sleeves pinned up, moulding biscuits with desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on her high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac-bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea.

That was a model supper-table. There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuits, contrasting with the golden sponge-cake and the richer gold of butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin and broadcloth was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Prudence, presiding between the tea-pots, seemed rather out of spirits; but Farmer Holmes atoned for her silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits were passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and would have refused decorously, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him.

"Don't be afraid of it. There's plenty more in the kitchen—ain't there, Prudence?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly, with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Prudence's ruby ring!

Such a shout of laughter arose that it brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Wentworth, coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it in his waistcoat pocket, "to be kept till called for," he said with a significant glance at her scarlet face.

Poor Prudence! there was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies, and harassed with questions and wonderment and merriment until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the farthest end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground, and cried as if her heart would break.

She had, perhaps, cried half an hour before a step, crushing the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said:

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you;" then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me. I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes," he added, dignifiedly.

"N-no," responded Prudence, miserably, between her sobs. "I—I thought you'd think I did it on p-purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away tomorrow, Miss Prudence."

The sobs partially ceased, and Prudence said surprisedly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-bye?"

Prudence said, "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You will shake hands, won't you, Miss Prudence?"

No answer.

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself.

"Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there no other reason?"

"N-no."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away, and I sha'n't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now, and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice:

"I—I'll forgive you, if—"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Mr Abbott Wentworth wore the ring he had found in the biscuit on the little finger on his left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament. To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, "That tells the whole story.

Tight lacing shows the men how much squeezing the lady can bear.

An Encounter With a Shark.

The schooner George M. Bache, of the United States service, under command of Assistant W.—E.—that prince of good fellows, was detailed for service during the winter of 1867, on the southwest coast of Florida. I was a subordinate officer on the staff of Assistant E——, and one morning shortly after our arrival in Charlotte Harbor, was sent ashore in charge of a boat's crew for the purpose of locating and erecting a signal station. After locating the station, I left the men in charge of a quarter master who was one of the party, and taking a boat hook started off in search of stingarees, a species of the finy tribe of the flat order, being about one-third greater in width than in length, and in thickness resembling the flounder. Of course we were obliged to enter the water in the pursuit of the fish, but this was no hardship as we were waist deep in water about half our time.

One day in question, I had started up a good sized stingaree, probably about three feet in width to two in length with a "beauty of a tail," and soon the hunt became interesting. Twice I had pierced its body with a boat hook, and the water in the immediate neighborhood became dyed with blood. The shoals extend out nearly a mile in many places in Charlotte harbor, and I in my excitement had waded out full half that distance from the shore, and at least a mile away from my men. The thought of the danger never entered my head. My feet and legs were bare, my trowsers being rolled up as high as possible. But I had gone out some distance from that depth, the water being up to my waist and not dreaming of peril was bent upon the capture of the fish I was pursuing. Suddenly, but why, I could never comprehend, I turned my eyes from the stingaree and looked out into the harbor. I never saw that stingaree again for my heart almost ceased to beat as I beheld a monstrous shark, that no doubt had scented the blood of the wounded fish coming in a direct line for the place where I was standing. A feeling of horror prevaded me at once. Powerless, death-stricken it seemed, I gave one powerful yell—shark—and giving one despairing, agonizing look toward my men a mile away, I turned my eyes almost starting from their sockets upon the monster from which I expected the most horrible death. The agony and mental torture of that tearful moment can never be described or forgotten; it makes me shudder now to recall it. As the shark approached me he lessened his speed, evidently reconnoitering the position. His graceful evolutions, the perfect ease with which he glided through the water, the under jaw dropped just enough to disclose the glittering rows of teeth sharp as razors, the careless, lazy movement of that powerful tail, and above all, the cold, horrible glare of those small, yellow eyes, fascinated me with a deadly terror. In these short seconds I lived an age of horror. To see that ravenous demon so leisurely confident of his power and I almost powerless, waist deep in water and no weapons of defence but a common boat hook. I seemed to shrink into nothingness—when compared to my enemy. He gave me but a few minutes to think or prepare for death, for quick as a cat he faced direct for me and seemed almost to spring from the water as he dived for my legs. I could scarcely hold the boat hook in my trembling grasp, but as the body came within reach I struck at it with the energy and despair with which a drowning man would clutch at a straw. In a breath I committed my soul to God, and for the next few seconds became nearly unconscious. Whether the monster felt the point of my spear or not, of course I cannot tell; I presume, however, that he did, for he missed me, his ponderous jaws coming together with a rush and snap.

Passing full around me, he dashed out into the harbor again, but not far, when he turned and began the same maneuvers as before. My feelings as he sprang for me and the revulsion consequent upon my unlooked for respite, seemed to inspire me with new courage, and I felt that the cowardly monster might yet be balked of his prey. I gained an astonishing feeling of coolness and nerve, and determined to present a firm front when he attacked me again, which I knew he would.

I began to retreat, stepping cautiously backward with my eyes fixed on the shark. Stealing a look toward the boat I saw with joy that the men had got it off the beach and were manning the oars. That look nearly proved my last, for I had hardly turned towards the shark again before he was upon me. I cannot decribe minutely what occurred, for I was taken completely by surprise and lost my wit as well as nerve. I saw the dull glare and devilish ferocity of those terrible eyes, the almost white shining surface of the belly as it was partially turned upwards, and the water dashed in my face. A deadly cold feeling went over me like an electric shock as I felt the slimy body brush my bare legs; something struck me on the chest, and, for an instant, I believe I became unconscious. The shark seemed to twist his body completely around me, the boat hook dropped from my hands and I fell over the monster's back, my feet and legs being thrown entirely out of the water as my head and body were wholly submerged. Nothing but an interposition of Divine Providence saved my life, for the shark failed for the second time in catching me between his massive jaws. The water seemed to restore me a little, I scrambled to my feet and almost wild with terror, looked for the shark, and none can imagine the joy I felt as I saw him swimming full speed toward the entrance of the harbor.

I turned my face to the shore and staggered along until within a few yards of the beach, when I was fully overcome and swooned from the effects of the dreadful ordeal I had undergone. Falling in water nearly two feet deep, and after such a remarkable escape from a horrible death, I came within a hair's breadth of drowning. The boat's crew arrived not a second too soon as it was over an hour before I was resuscitated, and then, only after the most unwearied exertions. I was as weak as a child, and for hours shook like a person with the palsy. On shipboard I received every possible attention, but it was many days before I was restored to my former condition and equanimity. For several nights I slept but very little, notwithstanding the administration of powerful opiates. Whenever I closed my eyes I would see that shark, and a shock like electricity would be the result. I served in the army during the entire period of the war and was in many tight places, but nothing ever approached the terror or mental suffering of my encounter with a shark.

A trader of eccentric habits was constantly troubled about his health. He believed himself a sufferer from every epidemic which visited the locality, and could hardly be induced to change his sentiments even on the assurance of his physician. At length the cattle plague broke out, and reading in his newspaper a description of the malady, he began to persuade himself that he was "in" for the disease. Hastily summoning "the doctor," he expatiated on his ailment, which of course resembled that of which he had been reading. "I hope you really do not feel so," interrupted the doctor, "for there is an order by the Privy Council that every beast with these symptoms must immediately be shot." The trader felt better.

At a wedding at Oshkosh, Wis., where chewing gum is the only amusement, the bride and groom, to show their implicit faith in each other, but their arms around each other's waists and swapped curds of gum. No cards.

The Circus.

The recent death, by starvation, of a child belonging to O'Brien's circus and menagerie, while at Stornville, Dutchess county, New York, has aroused popular indignation, not only in the immediate locality where the crime, or rather its sad result, occurred, but throughout the country. People suggest that if such a thing can happen in one circus company, then there is a chance of its occurring in others also, and that systematic starvation may, perhaps, if not form part of the programme, yet be practiced to a cruel extent under cover of the canvas screen, and doubtless this is but too sadly true. The child, painted and fixed up for exhibition, with his hair parted in the middle, and clad in spangles and silken tights, as he appears in the "grand four-horse bare-back act," should be seen before and after that performance, and then, with rare exceptions, he will be found to be a miserable, stunted being; indifferently nourished, and thinly and poorly clad, with no schooling, and no knowledge of anything save how to turn a somersault and perform in the "grand four-horse bare-back act!"

Some time ago a Western "Bohemian" made the study of the circus and circus performers his specialty, and the result of his experiences behind the mysterious curtain, the green-room of the circus, whence all its splendors and wonders issue, were both faithfully and interestingly described by him. Among the various establishments which he visited, was also one that is among the largest and best known in the United States, and which was at that time performing in, or near Chicago, where our informant was then residing. Entering the dressing-room, or that part of the tent set aside for this purpose, he found it occupied by a dozen or fifteen performers, in the operation of preparing for their respective acts. Some were nearly naked, and upon their bodies, in every conceivable place, appeared formidable bandages and plasters. These, they said, covered strains and bruises, of which each performer had his share, and the ladies of the company, it was also said, were no better off in this respect. One of the troupe, a famous bare-back and four-horse rider, while in the act of putting on a pair of elastic knee-caps, to strengthen his knees, explained that the most serious strain resulting from riding and tumbling came upon the kidneys, which were often badly injured. The breast and lungs were also seriously strained at times, and blood-spitting and hemorrhage of the lungs were of frequent occurrence among both male and female performers. Such trivial matters as shoulder and ankle sprain were continually occurring and unworthy of notice. Their bills for porous plasters and glycerine were heavy; and enough of these remedial agents were constantly kept on hand in that and every other circus to stock an apothecary shop in a large town. The youthful aspirants for fame were nourished mostly on chocolate and toast, the great object being to keep them light weights, and their limbs and joints smooth and flexible. An occasional whack of the riding-whip would further this object amazingly, and preserve the pupils right smart and thin. To be thrown from a horse and miss a dangerous leap or dislocate a joint, &c., is, in all circus companies, a most serious crime, punishable with penalties and privation of chocolate and toast for a day or two. Who can wonder when these boys, after having grown to be men amidst all the brutality and licensciousness of a travelling circus company, will sometimes perpetrate such crimes as those which excited such resentment a few days ago at the village of Pawling, New York? There are, of course, exceptions; and we know of one famous showman whose establishment, before and behind the curtain, is a model of order and good management, and where neither starvation nor cruelty to man or beast is tolerated; but this is a rare case in this rude experience.

Our Western informant, in describing travelling circuses, says that these troupes lay out their campaigns with all the care that an army takes in preparing for a long march. The minutest details, which would be entirely overlooked by an inexperienced man, are arranged with the utmost precision. Even the arrangements for feeding and watering the stock are made with a wonderful exactness. The tour of a circus during six months, often extending over thousands of miles, is rarely made with any deviation from the plan laid out by the managers before the start, unless unforeseen circumstances should necessitate a change in the programme. There are at present, it is estimated, forty travelling circuses in the United States, with a capital of several millions of dollars, and affording employment for some thousands of people, most of them trained to it as to any other skilled trade. The complete outfit of a first-class company comprises all the necessaries and implements for the foundation of a colony, including the families, children, and single men and women. The number of hands (legs would be more proper in this connection) employed in a circus average about one hundred. From 100 to 150 animals make up the complement of live stock for the stable alone, and if a menagerie is attached, this, of course, considerably swells the number.

The clown of to-day is generally an old and very grave performer; usually the bachelor and philosopher of the company. He is meditative, shy, and too often a confirmed toper. He looks (in the daytime) as if he contemplated suicide at the first opportunity, and is, wherever met with, a misanthrope to the very marrow in his bones. His jokes are carefully prepared by somebody else, and he merely shoots them off when the proper time comes. His antics and tricks have been gravely studied and often rehearsed, and are performed by him like clock work. Nothing is spontaneous; he has a job to do and he does it, drawing his salary of from fifty to sixty dollars when Saturday or pay-day comes round. Fifty dollars a week, during the season of six months, is the average pay of the clown of a large company; the "stars" get sometimes as high as $150 per week, but this, of course, is exceptional; the average wages of riders and acrobats being forty dollars per week. The drivers of four, six, and eight horses receive from $30 to $50 a month, and their board; and the "subs," or less important assistants in the various departments, are paid from $15 to $30 a month, according to the value of their services. The children apprentices and performers, of both sexes, get nothing but harsh treatment. And the poor little fellow, the property of the "strong woman" of O'Brien's Circus (she claimed having bought him in Paris for $100) got too much of that, and too little to eat to keep his thin body together, and hence died. He will taste the whack of the cruel whip no more, and will not have to beg piteously for crumbs of bread where he is now. "There is another and a better world," says Kotzebue, and there, if we mistake not, this cruel "strong woman," however strong she be, will find admittance difficult. [Washington Patriot.

The Western rivers are very low. The Peoria (Ill.) Review says: "We are getting disgusted with the Illinois river. If this thing keeps on, the first thing we know some thirsty cow will come along and drink the raging Illinois up."

Twenty-one workmen in all have been arrested at the Marion, N. J., watch factory, and from the confessions of some of them, it is estimated that their thefts exceed in value $100,000.

A monstrous freight train of thirty-six cars of general merchandise and cattle, drawn by two locomotives, passed over the road to the west yesterday afternoon. [Augusta Journal 26th.

GROESBECK'S POWERFUL SPEECH.

THE PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM.

GRANT'S WICKED ADMINISTRATION.

The President an Autocrat.

The Hon. William S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, made a speech in Steubenville (Ohio) on the 13th of September, in which he approved the Constitutional Amendments, and said the Supreme Court cannot touch them. He then proceeded:

THE STATES AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

Now, as heretofore, our Union is a limited government, with only such powers as are delegated to it; now, as heretofore, all powers not delegated to it are reserved to the States or the people; now, as heretofore, and under the Constitution as it is, the States hold ample sovereignty for the management of all their home interests. This doctrine cannot be abandoned. Alas for us if the States as our fathers made it shall ever disappear from our system of government! The peril so recently encountered enables us to realize what a calamity it would be if the war had destroyed our Union. Not less disastrous would be the calamity if the States, as such, should be destroyed or changed into something else and less.

Our Federal Government and our State Governments, under the Constitution, make together one complex system. Each is limited, and neither complete enough to do all we need to have done. The Federal Government is to have the charge of interest common to all; the State Governments of interests that are special, each State taking charge of its own interests. The State shall not do the work of the Federal Government; the Federal Government shall not do the work of the State. Each is supreme within the limits of its powers and the people are supreme over both. We worship neither, for they are the work of our own hands, and made to serve us. We hear, on the other hand, that the States owe their life to the Federal Government, and, on the other hand, that the Federal Government owes its life to the States. This is taking on high airs. In the presence of the people they are both as clay in the hands of the potter, and, in the truest sense, neither made the other. The people made both.

What did the people mean when they made the State; or, rather, what is meant by the sovereignty of the State? It is meant that the State has exclusive authority and power to man

under such provocation and insult.

A MORE ATROCIOUS LAW STILL.

But this law was put aside on the 28th of February last, to give place to a stronger one. On that day another law was passed, very full and specific in its provisions. It is now in force.

It provides that each Circuit Court shall appoint, on or before May, 1871, from the Circuit Court Commissioners, a chief supervisor of elections in the district for which he is commissioner. In any city or town of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, whenever any two citizens shall make known their desire to have any election at which a federal officer is to be chosen guarded and scrutinized, the judge shall open his court and appoint for each voting precinct, for which such an application has been made, two citizens of different political parties, who shall be special supervisors of that election. These supervisors shall attend the election; count the votes; challenge any whose qualifications they doubt; remain with the ballot-box from the opening of the polls until the votes are counted; personally inspect and scrutinize the manner in which the voting is done, and how the poll books are made and kept. They shall personally scrutinize, count and canvass each and every ballot, and make and send to the chief supervisor such returns as he may require, and attach to any return, though made under State or municipal law, any statement touching the fairness of the election.

The supervisors, or either of them, shall take and keep in such positions, before or behind the ballot-box, as they may think best, to enable them to see each person offering to vote and to scrutinize the manner of voting. At the closing of the polls they are able to take such position about the ballot-box as they may think necessary for canvassing the votes, and shall remain there till the work is finished, any State law to the contrary.

The United States Marshal, on like application of two citizens, appoint special deputies; and the Marshal and his deputies shall attend the polls, preserve order, keep the peace, protect the supervisors, prevent fraudulent voting, and, at the polls, or elsewhere, either before or after voting, arrest, with or without process, any person who shall attempt to do anything in violation of this or any law of the United States.

Whoever shall refuse to assist when called upon shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and be liable to instant arrest without process, and on conviction may be imprisoned not more than two years, or fined not more than $3,000, or both. Whoever, during the process of verifying the list of voters, shall refuse to answer any lawful question, shall be liable to fine and imprisonment.

Whenever the Marshal and his deputies shall be forcibly resisted, or shall by threats or menaces, be prevented from doing what is required of them, or from arresting any person liable to arrest, they may call to their assistance the bystanders or the posse comitatus of his district.

All voting must be by ballot, any State law to the contrary.

THE LAW IS TO CONTROL THE NORTH.

Now what need of this law and what is its purpose? Observe: It is not a law for the South. Don't sleep under that lullaby. It is a law for the North; the cities are in the North; there are five such in Ohio. The very large majority of such cities is in the North. The wolf is at your own door. What have they all done to subject them to this extraordinary interference? This is a declaration by Congress that our elections have not been properly conducted, or it is an attempt to secure them.

What of our elections and how have they been conducted during the eighty years of our national life? I challenge a comparison with elections in any other country, or in any other period of history. In every excellence ours are unsurpassed. Notice, too, the character of the State to regulate them. They leave the utmost possible freedom to the people, and avoid all necessary show of force. Their very titles are significent. There are laws to regulate elections and preserve their purity. This could with propriety be entitled a law to punish crimes. It is full of threatenings, and subordinates civil to military power. Every section declares a crime and affixes a heavy penalty. It plainly says the people are not to be trusted. They must be watched and all their conduct scrutinized. Power is ostentatiously paraded, and the election must be carried on under its frown and by its permission. It makes large preparation beforehand; has its military on hand, and stations its forces at the polls in the first instance, and before they are needed.

What is election? Emphatically, the people's day; the sacred day of the freeman; the day when he uses his highest privilege; the day of peace before all other days; the day when the citizens should be most respected; the day when officers are made and unmade, and when all of them, especially military officers, should withdraw and keep out of sight. The day when individual sovereignty appears visibly and makes known its will—the day so sacred for its greatest duty. If the time shall ever come when the people are not intelligent and virtuous and good enough to perform this duty, except under those overseers and supervisors, they are no longer fit for self-government. How dare this Administration parade its military on that day and make this great show of force? This legislation is an insult to all the cities of the land. It was intended as a means to awe the voters, to dominate our election and force them to do the will of a party. They must guard and scrutinize the manner of conducting the election; they must station themselves before and behind the ballot-box, and just where they best see each person offering to vote. Upon this law, They must watch him. How pleasant this will be for us all, when they get the law in full operation. How respectful. They must preserve order. Go up to the polls hereafter quietly and meekly; don't be noisy; not too much freedom. There are eyes watching you, and bayonets surround you. Any two citizens may bring all this upon us, any two mean mischievous, bad-tempered citizens; they need assign no reasons; it is enough that they desire to have it so. Can this legislation be intended for peace? Not a word in it about the State keeping order or helping to keep the peace: no plan or even suggestion of harmonious cooperation, but exclusive control asserted and taken by the Federal Government. It degrades the States, as unfit to control these proceedings, and it insults the people, as unfit to be trusted; and all this, too, when nothing had occurred to excite alarm or justify this interference.

THE MASTERS OF THE PEOPLE.

And why are these officers having this extraordinary command over us on this great day of privilege? Men of our choice—irresponsible men, special deputies picked up by a Marshal, who give no bond, and yet are authorized to do about what they please. The law nowhere imposes a penalty upon them; the law nowhere even admonishes them. It bristles with threats against the people; it does not contain one for their masters.

In the language of Story, when the people submit to such legislation they have consented to their own degradation. Agitate for its repeal, start the hue and cry upon it; pursue it until you have slain it, as you would slay a dangerous beast upon the highway. Resist its more powerful lawful means. If an arrest is made under it, sue out a writ of habeas corpus; if a thousand arrests are made, sue out a thousand writs. Deal with it as the Fugitive Slave Law was dealt with; give it no rest.

THE KU-KLUX LAW.

There is one other law of this Administration I desire to notice. It is what is termed the Ku-Klux law.

In the act of May, 1870, to which I have referred, Congress has legislated to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment, by providing that if two or more persons conspire to injure or threaten any citizen in order to prevent his free exercise of any right granted by the Constitution, they should be guilty of felony, and upon conviction could be imprisoned not more than ten years, and fined as much as $5,000. That law also provided that all persons should have the same right to sue in every State, and equal benefit of all laws, and equal protection, any State law to the contrary. So the law stood, putting upon the same footing, and punishing heavily all combinations to injure any citizen in his constitutional rights. This would seem enough.

Notice another important fact. At the time the Ku-Klux law was passed I think, none of the eleven States that went into the rebellion were under republican administration. Their Governors, Legislatures, and other officers were in sympathy with the Administration at Washington. Nor only this. All United States Judges, Marshals, Commissioners, and Federal officers of every kind were in sympathy with it; they were appointed by it. So that if lawless or dangerous combinations appeared, ample authority and power were in proper hands to suppress them; and if they could not, surely they could be depended on to ask help from the General Government, at the proper time, and in a constitutional way.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION.

Such was the political condition of these States. Meanwhile the Administration at Washington began to be unpopular. I make bold to say that the people of the United States, at the time this law was gotten up, were complaining more of the conduct of the Administration than of the conduct of these States. I don't care to particularize. It is enough to say that the Administration was severely and justly criticised for its tone, its measures, and there were threatening divisions in its own ranks. You will remember the Sumner affair, and how the people regarded it. You will remember the San Domingo affair, in some respects the most extraordinary in our history. How would Andrew Johnson have come out of his impeachment if they had had such a case with him? In this condition of public sentiment, State elections were approaching, and if adverse or condemnatory they would endanger the continuance of Radical ascendancy. They set about to prepare for these elections. They thought they had a sure and easy way to success. They would again make the fight upon the old issues—again talk about the war and the rebellion—again charge disloyalty—rekindle again dying animosities—again arouse expiring hates. This was their harp of a thousand strings, upon which they had played and would play again; it was their only instrument, and easy to play upon, and just the thing for all one-horse and blood-and-thunder politicians. They must have war in some form at least. And so they got up the Ku-Klux law. What is it? An act to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment.

I can refer to but a part of it. Where insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combination, etc., in any State shall deprive any portion of citizens of any constitutional right, and the State authorities shall be unable to protect, or fail in or refuse protection in such rights, such facts shall be deemed a denial by such State of equal protection under its laws, and it shall be lawful for the President, and his duty, to take such measures by the employment of the militia, land and naval forces of the United States, or by other means, as he may deem necessary, to suppress it.

THE PRESIDENT ENDOWED WITH DESPOTIC POWER.

Where the combination, in the judgment of the President, is able to defy the State, or the State connives at its purpose, the President may suspend the writ of habeas corpus in that locality.

Let me again call your attention to the fact that a previous law made it criminal to deprive any person of any constitutional right. He who committed such an offence could be prosecuted. The marshal, having at his command all the force he might need, could arrest him, and ample provision was made for his trial, condemnation and punishment. All that, you will notice, is a judicial proceeding, and right and proper. But the case here provided for is not a judicial proceeding; it is war. It is not the marshal and his posse making an arrest under a warrant. There is no process in it, and no court. It is the commander-in-chief at the head of his army entering a State, not to make an arrest, but to cut down and slay. I repeat it, it is war. The State government is pushed aside; the courts are shut; they are not wanted; the writ of habeas corpus is suspended, and the Federal Government takes absolute and supreme command.

Never before to-day could the Federal Government march its armies into a State, on account of any disturbance confined within that State, unless invited to do so. Now it may do so on its own motion. As Senator Thurman well says, the whole matter is left to the judgment of a single man. He alone may decide, without any appeal from his judgment, whether there is an insurrection, or domestic violence, or an unlawful combination. He alone decides whether it works a deprivation of any right. He alone decides whether the State is unable or fails to afford protection. He alone forms the judgment and then executes it by such measures as he chooses to adopt. He is both judge and executioner. Behold a despot! Where is the State? Under his heel. Where is that great writ upon which we all depend for our personal liberty? In his hand. How came it there? The people never put it there. How carefully they have tried to guard it.

"It never shall be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it;" and even then it is trusted not to the one-man power, but to Congress, one of whose duties it is to watch this one-man power. How came it in his hand? We are at peace with every nation on the earth, and not so much as one solitary being in all our land stands in arms against any authority, Federal or State.

GRANT MADE A CZAR.

My friends, this is not a temporary law, nor is it confined in its application to any particular locality. It stands as our permanent policy, and applies over the whole nation. It applies to Ohio, to all the Western, Northern and Eastern States, as well as to the Southern States. From this day each and all of them are exposed to this military invasion; from this day the writ of habeas corpus may be suspended against your liberties and mine, at the will of one man. One man decides the whole case, and he who makes the decision executes it according to his own pleasure. To put the matter in the mildest words, we make a permanent despot over us all to correct a temporary and local evil. It may me a riotous outbreak in a mere township. That is enough: a case is made for the President, and this extraordinary power is let loose against us. The State may differ with the President—it may deny that there is a case for his interference; and if there be a case of domestic violence, it may insist that it can and will put it down, in due time, and in the best way. What matters it now what the State may think or wish? It is no longer fit to keep the peace within its own borders. It is silenced, and the whole matter is with the President. But, we are told, the President will not abuse this extraordinary power. Who knows that? Again they tell us we can trust him. A free people trusts nobody with such powers. I can point to you long reigns of despots during which the peace of the nation was undisturbed and all rights were respected and enjoyed. The sword of absolute power lay all the while at the hand of the ruler, and was not once lifted. But what people jealous of their liberties and safety would place it there?

How violent, how dangerous and unnecessary is this legislation. The war is over, but the spirit is still upon us. The sword is everywhere—in front of us, to the right of us, to the left of us, on all sides and in all measures. It is fast becoming the daily remedy for private wrongs. The old-fashioned ways of keeping the peace with civil officers, chosen by ourselves from among our neighbors, are dying out, and the practices of despotism are taking their places.

Mr. Adams' Acceptance.

Hon. John Quincy Adams, the Democratic nominee for Governor in Massachusetts, accepts the position in the following letter—

QUINCY, Sept. 27, 1871.

Hon. Edward Avery, Chairman Democratic State Convention:

DEAR SIR—I have received your official announcement that the Convention over which you recently presided at Springfield, selected me as their candidate for Governor. I feel very sensibly such a token of the confidence of a large number of fellow-citizens, and I gratefully accept the honor. It is unnecessary for me at this day and place to declare to my friends in Massachusetts my opinions upon public affairs, especially as they were epitomized in the resolves adopted by the Convention. They have undergone no recent change. Now, as formerly, I think it wise to use calm and moderate methods in dealing with questions of state, to adhere scrupulously to constitutional forms in enforcing the will of the people, and to make haste slowly with revolutionary reforms. But I may be pardoned, if, in view of a hesitation which lingers here and there, I declare my especial satisfaction at the position adopted by the Convention in respect to the late Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. I am heartily glad to see good citizens who have disputed the plan of adjustment required by the party in power so long as it was debatable, acquiesce cheerfully when once it has become irrevocable.

It seems to me to be the part of patriotism now to accept honestly and without mental reservation those Amendments as the final settlement and pacification of the civil war, and then to turn resolutely away from the irritating and painful memories of the past to the pressing duties of the future. That future, if we wisely improve it, may be to redeem, and more than redeem, all the sufferings and all the errors of the past. It may warn us to guard jealously the invaluable habit of local self governments, while we yield to the irresistable instincts of national unity. It may teach us to alleviate oppressive taxation by economy and skill in fiscal management, so that a tariff may no longer strangle trade. Universal amnesty and equal rights may once again demonstrate to the world that the people at their homes may be trusted to preserve the peace and maintain the principles of liberty without soldiers to make them afraid. And above all a kindly and considerate policy towards vanquished citizens may make us again a prosperous and happy people, cordially united in a friendship based upon mutual esteem and cemented by identical interests.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

President Grant and the Opening of the European Railroad.

The Bangor Whig understands that the following programme has been agreed upon for the exercises connected with the Presidential visit to that city—

Tuesday evening, Oct. 17th, President Grant and party to be met at the Western depot on the arrival of the mail train, and escorted by the military and torch-light procession, to the Bangor House—Presidential salute being fired on the bluff opposite the depot, while the march is in progress.

Wednesday, Oct. 18th. The public building to be decorated, arches to be raised on a number of the streets, and citizens requested to decorate their residences. Grand procession in the forenoon, to march through the principal streets; collation at noon. In the afternoon exhibition and contest of fire engines, (hand and steam) for prizes; military drill, review and dress-parade. In the evening, grand reception, general illumination, and display of fireworks.

The ten military companies organized under the State Militia Law, have been making elaborate preparations to be present on the 18th. Dr. Sanger, the member of the Committee who has the matter in charge, informed us last night that the President of the E. & N. A. Railway has promised to transport them to and from Bangor, that the State will furnish the subsistence while *in transitu*, and that they will be "subsisted" by the city while here.

On Thursday the Railway Company will take the President and party to Vanceboro', returning them in the same evening, and on Friday morning the President will leave for New York.

Heavy Fire in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30. A destructive fire broke out this afternoon in an immense brick building known as the Burlington Warehouse, one part of which was used for storage of merchandise, and the other as a bonded warehouse. In the first department were goods belonging to nearly two hundred firms, valued at $800,000, which were all destroyed, while in the bonded warehouse goods worth $3,000,000 escaped injury by means of the thick fire-wall. On the goods destroyed there is an aggregate insurance of $700,000. The building was owned by S. M. Nickerson, President of the First National Bank. His loss is $5,000, which is covered by insurance. Charles Stevens, a truck driver, was burned to death, and it is feared that other men also perished in the flames, as they were seen in the midst of the fire while escape seemed impossible. Several firemen were also injured. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1871.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

—BY—

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. In advance, $2.00 a year; within the year, $2.50; at the expiration of the year, $3.00.

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The War on Mormonism.

There has been nothing in the history of religious delusions, not even excepting the career of Mahomet and his followers, which can compare with that of the Mormons whose local habitation is at the foot of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The voluntary believers in Mahomedanism were primitive, ignorant and superstitious men, to whose natures the wild and erratic enthusiasm of the new belief was entirely suited. It is not a matter of surprise that the theories of the prophet were eagerly embraced, especially when beside it flashed the sword of its zealots, with the cry "believe or die."

But Mormonism arose in the full blaze of the intelligence of the nineteenth century, among an educated, thinking, enterprising people, the least addicted to superstition, probably, of any upon whom the sun of heaven shines. It has made its way against popular dislike, against universal ridicule, in spite of the denunciations of the pulpit, the power of the press, and of persecution unto bloodshed. It has sent forth missionaries and gathered proselytes from the four quarters of the globe, until its community has arisen to the proportions of a State. It erected cities and magnificent temples of worship, and when the fires of persecution came, abandoned all and fled across a dreary desert, a thousand miles, to found a new State, the beauty, wealth and even magnificence of which have been the wonder of beholders. This remarkable community has puzzled the churchmen as much as it has the philosopher and political economist. But it has flourished, despite the wonderment of all.

Looking at the results that have been compassed, and comparing them with other like human achievements, the conclusion would seem to be irresistible, that the founder of this religion, and the detender of the faith by which they were animated, must have been, like Mahomet, a man remarkable for experience, knowledge of mankind, shrewdness, sagacity and penetration. It is surprising to know that he was none of these. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, first saw the light in Vermont, 66 years ago. If cotemporary and uncontradicted testimony may be accepted, the family from which he sprang was morally bad, and the new prophet was no exception to the general rule. They were intemperate, untruthful and thieving. They were visionaries who engaged much in money digging and kindred pursuits. Smith was very poorly educated, read with difficulty, could scarce write legibly, and could hardly tell the sum of four times four. Yet this man solemnly asserted that God had made to him a revelation that he had a work for him to do, and that under direction of that revelation he had dug up golden plates on which were inscribed the Book of Mormon. The history of Smith's violent death at the hands of an Illinois mob, the assumption of leadership by the present successor of Smith, Brigham Young, and the journey to Utah, are matters of history, and need not be here enumerated.

It is strange that by instruments so ignoble and in a manner so incredible a combined religious and social system should have been built up, embracing in its fold hundreds of thousands—a system which has prospered and is apparently today as strong as ever. The spectacle, while it confounds all rules derived from the theories and experience of those who have made the phases of humanity a study, amazes the Christian philosopher with the sight of a retrograde movement in the heart of a civilized and Christian country. What its future is to be, can now be at best but conjectured. So singular has been its history, that it seems as though its future must be something extraordinary.

Our attention is drawn to this subject at the present time because of a happening of events and a thickening of rumors in the direction of the Mormon community which indicate that the hour of its trial has come. The crowding into the territory of an outside population, especially since the building of the Pacific Railroad and the discovery of mines in the mountains—a population of scoffers at the sacred Book of Mormon, and jeerers at the peculiar institution of polygamy—has to a degree weakened the power of the Mormons. They might even endure that and live. But war has been declared against polygamy, through the enforcement of statutes both of the United States and the Territory itself—the former, at least, aimed directly at that special sin in that particular territory. The manner in which this is to be done in a community so overwhelmingly favoring those to be arraigned, is thus explained in a recent article of the Boston Daily Journal—

It seems a fine illustration of the saying that "the whirligig of Time brings round its revenges"—that Brigham Young and his associates should be brought before a court of the people to be tried for adultery under one of the statutes of their own territory. The authorities have done right in taking this statute, rather than the federal act against polygamy, which is by no means so deadly. The Mormons now see that they are "hoist by their own petard." Brigham Young rebels, and claims that the grand jury assembled is not a legal body, because it has not been summoned by a territorial marshal, assisted by bishops, etc. But the Gentiles claim that the jurors have been summoned in accordance with a federal statute which sets aside territorial law.

There is an act for the prevention of polygamy in the territories. It is a strong one, well-constructed, and making provision against all pleas which would be likely to be set against it. Heretofore, it has been impossible to practically enforce it, there were so many obstructions in the territorial law. The authorities have, therefore, shown their good common sense in deciding to take the territorial law, and work with that against the "saints."

The manner in which many Mormons have been made powerless to fight in the Courts is somewhat ingenious. A prominent elder or noted Saint is summoned to serve as a Grand Juror. He comes promptly, although, say some writers, he claims that he is not obliged to under territorial law. Once arrived, he is asked if he is a citizen of the United States, a member of the Mormon church, whether polygamy is one of the fundamental doctrines of that church, to all of which he is naturally obliged to give an affirmative answer. He is then asked if he considers "revelation" (as the Mormons understand it) superior to the law, and if he does not commit himself on this point, the final question is, "Do you believe that a man, in marrying more than one wife, commits adultery?" Of course he is compelled to say that he does not, and the moment he makes this confession he is challenged, excused, and goes home growling because he cannot serve.

What bills the Grand Jury will report is as yet unknown; but the judge's charge contained these significant words: "If there is anything peculiar in the situation in Utah, it is the peculiar conduct of some men here, and not any peculiar principles or policy that are to be enforced here. Utah belongs to the United States, and the people of Utah, like the people of the rest of the country, are amenable to the laws of the United States."

Now as much as Mormonism and its practice are to be condemned, as revolting as polygamy must be to every right-minded man, and as anti-Christian as every person must believe it to be, the wisdom of the course indicated in this extract will be very seriously questioned.

It is sound statesmanship that an evil should not be assailed at the cost of a greater one. Whatever the Mormon community may have been, it is conceded that the people and their rulers are now industrious and peaceably disposed. The system of plurality of wives, with its consequent numerous offspring to each head of a family, has existed for many years, and is now so interwoven with the social system that no separation is possible except at the price of evils greater than would result from it continuance by those who have already adopted it. A law applying to future plural marriages might be salutary. But a prosecution which sweeps into the catalogue of criminals the people of a whole community for a practice which both their religion and laws sanction, and which declares illegitimate the offspring of men and women who have lived together for scores of years in fancied legality, cannot be wise. Those measures are best, either in the moral, social or political world, which work without violent shocks to the community—which by firm and continued pressure, always in the right direction, persuade rather than force men from the wrong to the right. Especially is this true in cases where the seat of authority, remote as is Washington from Utah, seeks to effect a change so complete, and one taking hold of the closest family ties, as does the enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws in the territories.

It is believed by those who are entitled to speak from close observation of the state of society in Utah, that the system of polygamy will in a brief time yield to surrounding causes that tend to its abolition. The influx of new settlers of the Gentile persuasion, the influence of the example of the one-wifed families and their superior happiness, the growth of Christian churches, and the general turning in of the elements of the busy, bustling outer world—would in time give the death-blow to the peculiar institution.

But if it be the policy of the administration at Washington to continue a war by the Courts of the United States, in the manner indicated, backed by the army, then we fear that war and bloodshed must ensue. There are already grievious mutterings of a coming conflict. And once begun it may involve in its consequences individuals and communities who now little dream of coming woe. Possibly by the time the conflict shall close, the authorities at Washington may learn that persecution, fire and the sword are not the best instruments for promoting reform and advancing civilization.

Butler Beaten.

When we went to press with the Journal last week, the excited session of the Republican State Convention in Massachusetts had not ended. Its stormy debates were carried far into the night, and it was not until past the midnight hour that the decisive vote was taken. Then the combination upon Washburn of all the elements of opposition to Butler, struck the blow that felled that doughty warrior, and he was defeated by a majority of 147. It was a terrible blow, and Butler staggered under it; but recovering self possession, he addressed the Convention, endorsing its proceedings and pledging support to its nominees. The Republican party in Massachusetts has escaped a great danger—for the probable result of Butler's nomination would have been the election of Adams. As for Butler himself, the defeat puts an extinguisher upon him for the present it not for all time. The attempt to force himself into the highest position in Massachusetts passes into history as a failure, beside the Dutch Gap Canal and Fort Fisher powder boat. Farewell, Benjamin.

Rogers, the Brunswick Bank defaulter, has been found guilty, and sentenced to six years imprisonment. He made a confession in court, in which he stated that he commenced services as cashier of the bank 21 years ago, upon a salary of $400. This was entirely inadequate to meet his family expenses, and the amount taken had been used only for the purpose of making up the deficiency. The deception had been kept up on the books by false entries, and the amount filched from the Bank continued from year to year, although his salary was afterwards increased to $1000 per year. Rogers is over sixty years of age, has always had the confidence of the community, and been a prominent and zealous church member.

DENIED. Capt. Horace Atwood, of Hampden, denies the statement made by a correspondent of this paper, that he forbade the taking of loose and useless rocks from the shore of his land to be used as a foundation for Mr. Wasgatt's new mill. He says—

I deny in toto, the statements as made by Z., and will only add that as my name has been thus maliciously paraded before the public, I trust you will give my denial of Z's statement concerning myself, equal publicity.

HORACE ATWOOD.

Elections will take place on the 10th in the States of Iowa, Ohio and Pennsylvania Iowa elects Governor, State officers and Legislature—as does Ohio. Pennsylvaelects no Governor this year, but chooses other state officers and members of the Legislature.

—John L. Foster, Esq., formerly of the Portsmouth States and Union, has commenced the publication of a new Democratic paper called the Public Forum, at Manchester, N. H. Mr. Foster is a vigorous and able writer, whose pen will be an accession to the Democracy in the important campaign of next spring in that state.

—Mrs. Woodhull and the woman suffragists are this winter to assail Congress again. They want a declaratory act affirming the right of women to vote. It is reported that many Senators and Representatives are pledged to the movement, and that lively times may be expected.

—During the visit of the Trinity Commandery of Knights Templar to Boston, Howard Owen, Esq., of the Kennebec Journal, was presented by the Commandery with a handsome gold-headed cane. Mr. Owen was the guest of the Knights for the excursion.

—A theorist has arisen who holds that every person now alive is "the reproduction or incarnation of some Biblical personage." We wonder where he would locate Ben. Butler. If the thirty pieces of silver had been spoons, anybody can draw a parallel.

—The Portlanders go for woman's right to occupy the platform. Mrs. Woodhull, Kate Reignolds, Mrs. Burleigh and Kate Stanton are each to lecture there this winter.

—The Portland Monitor comes to us in an enlarged form. It has also absorbed the Regulator, which paper is discontinued.

The Boston Post of Tuesday reviews at length the late speech of Carl Schurz at Nashville, in which he speaks so handsomely for kindly feelings and confidence between the North and South. The Post sees strong indications that the large dissatisfied and conservative element of the Republican party is prepared to unite with the Democracy upon a ticket which would carry with it the confidence of the country, and bear it to a triumphant victory in 1872. The Post's article concludes as follows—

Gen. Hancock is a favorite candidate of the Democracy. He has tested his capability as a ruler on constitutional principles, while commanding at New Orleans. The South knows him and confides in him. If a combination of two such names, therefore, as Gen. Hancock and Gratz Brown could be secured in connection with the next general election, there is no reason to suppose that it would not prove fully as strong at the North as the South, and the reform so earnestly sought might be accomplished in their success before the nation. We have no desire to anticipate the action of the National Democratic Convention, in whose superior wisdom all will confide; but in view of what is revealed by the personal contact of Carl Schurz with the Southern people, what ticket now promises such a national triumph next year as that of Hancock and Brown.

Letter From Boston.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, Oct. 2, 1871.

The first month of Fall has passed, and we gladly welcome bright golden October, hoping the warm sunny days of our Indian Summer will compensate for the bleak chilly ones of September.

This unusual change in the season has hastened business to a great extent, and the cry of "dull times" which rings so piteously from smaller cities, seems hardly an echo from old, busy, bustling Boston. The multitude of workers are at their posts, settled for another hard toilsome winter of "stitch, stitch, stitch." The throng of pleasure-seekers are returned, impatiently waiting the proceeds of those diligent hands, to commence only another round of dissipation.

Our streets present a lively appearance, which to an unsophisticated looker on seems one great panorama, where everything is moving; and he hurries on, never realizing the space traversed, and scarcely able to recall the most pleasing observation.

Passing the windows of the many enterprising stores, one readily discerns the acquired tact of the Yankee for putting the best side out, while the intent gaze of the many Flora McFlimsys shows their powers of appreciation. Fashion as a matter of course supplants everything else, and the premature cold weather has wonderfully developed "the style." Never since the advent of walking suits, has the manner of making been so thoroughly tasty as at the present time. The long overskirt, almost entirely plain, looped gracefully over the elaborately trimmed underskirt, is a decided improvement upon the alternate style of last year. Waists are greatly in favor, made as the plaited ones worn so much through the summer, and trimmed on the plaits to match the trimming of the dress.

Outside garments are embroidered to such an extent that ladies look more like walking window curtains than anything else. Velveteens, heavy cloths, as well as cassimere are loaded with braiding and variegated fringes, a fashion which can only exist a short time.

Hats each day takes an upward tendency, and far above the long acknowledged beaver can be seen the tilting feather of the lady's jockey. Feathers, as ever, hold their sway—though the mingling with flowers seems to be somewhat objectionable. One general desire for everything, both in dresses and millinery, is the blending of two shades of the same color. The hair is still worn high upon the front, but curls are gradually yielding sway to massive braids, looped, and the old admired coil.

Places of amusement have as yet been but poorly attended, from the facts that the Butler campaign has entirely engrossed the minds of the male persuasion, and the female has had nothing to wear.

Butler has subsided. The party did not reach that state of purification that he labored so arduously for it to attain ere it was too late, and we earnestly hope he will return to his beautiful home on the heights of Belvidere, and be amply rewarded by a severe attack of small-pox, which is now pervading that locality.

Parepa has given Boston a foretaste of the feast in store, her concert last week being largely attended, and fully up to the usual standard of excelence. She has not grown beautifully less in figure, nor acquired a more exquisite taste in her style of dress; but all these little shortcomings are overlooked when we listen to that wonderful voice.

The winter bids fair to be one of unusual facility for enjoyment. Lectures, concerts, and acknowledged dramatic talent appear each day in the advertising list of the popular journals.

The visit of President Grant this month is looked forward to with much enthusiasm, and the plans laid for his entertainment are of no limited order.

Jordan, Marsh & Co., have their grand opening this week, as well as many of the other famous dry goods houses.

In the lecture line, Murray forsakes his pet subject, "Adirondacks," one evening, and touches up the "Deacons." Gough follows close behind with "Will it Pay?"

The Eastern Railroad company has adopted a new uniform, so the officers may be known, and the travelling public saved the trouble of hunting up some one to tell them where they want to go. Hereafter no unlooked for detention can be attributed to getting on the wrong train.

Letter From Central New York.

Correspondence of the Journal.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 29, 1871.

MY DEAR JOURNAL: The absorbing topic of the hour here, where the Convention was held, as it no doubt is elsewhere for the time in political circles, is the Republican State Convention, with its disintegrating proceedings, being perhaps the first and most absolute step—the overture—to the dissolution of the Republican party in the State and nation, which the course of political events for some months past has already foreshadowed as an impending and perhaps inevitable occurrence. It is a singular point in the history of this central city of the Empire State of the Union—Syracuse—the "city of conventions," as it is often termed, that its name is associated with preceding conventions whose results have been as important as those of the present convention promise to be. The presiding officer of this convention, (Hon. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, but a resident of this city,) alluded in his address upon taking the chair, while counselling harmonous action, to the past, that within the sound of his voice a convention was held which ensured the dissolution of the old Whig party; and within a rifle-shot, a Democratic convention was held which led to serious divisions in that party, and the success for some years past of its opponents. He proceeded to eulogize the Republican party, and asserted that without harmony in this convention, that party should have its cenotaph erected on the similitude of the New York Custom-house, and inscribed thereon—"Here lies the Republican party, which died in a wretched wrangle over a beggarly array of paltry offices." Well, the convention was any thing but harmonious—its New York, Kings and St. Lawrence (the great Republican stronghold) delegations withdrew, and thus the epitaph of the party, so conveniently prepared by the President of the Convention, may as well be immediately sculptured upon the monument. For the results of this convention are not confined to this State, but are only expressive of a like feeling within the Republican party, easily seen throughout the country. The mass of its members have seen that Grant, however able as a soldier, and however well-meaning as a politician, is below mediocrity as a statesman; that he is peculiarly subject to improper influences, a poor discriminator as to character, and thus has become the creature of a ring of base men, of whom the shoddy Murphy, collector of the customs in New York, is a type. And the stubborn character of the man, who would "fight it out on this line" all his life, whenever he had once committed himself to men or measures and in despite of the inculcations of prudence or of the advice of his true friends, give us no hope that in the future he would at all be benefitted by the experiences of the four years of his term.

You will see in the papers the proceedings of the convention portrayed in a not very attractive form; yet harshly as some journals may depict them, you may be assured that they are below the truth. In the hall there were fights with fists, clubs, stools, etc., that would best become a Five Point dance house, and only the presence of a strong body of the city police saved the hall from becoming the scene of perhaps a more bloody nature, as pistols had already began to peep forth from side pockets. The Tribune, as the organ of the anti-Administration faction, hoists the ticket finally nominated by the convention after its purest strength had withdrawn, leaving the work to the government hirelings; but Greeley does so in so insulting and defiant a manner, that it is evident that it is the last wish of the seceders of the convention that the ticket should succeed, or that they will lend to it really a helping hand. Judging from the language of Republicans hereabouts, the mass of them in this County (which sent but *one* delegation in favor of the Grant faction) will do but little in favor of the ticket; and the coarse denunciations of the government organ here, the Evening Journal, will certainly do but very little in the way of conciliating the bitter feelings now so rife on both sides. It is very generally considered that the Republicans have, to use a pugilistic phase suitable for the occasion, "thrown up the sponge," and will make but a formal contest in the approaching State election; and I can at present conceive of no probable occurrence which may incite the dissentients to reconciliation and consequently serious efforts in the campaign.

The whole difficulty with the convention arises, it is perhaps needless to say, from the question of the division of the "spoils of office." Not a single great principle, let it be marked, such as has occasioned the few divisions that have occurred in the history of the great Democratic party, distinguishes the climactric event of this week in the history of the Radical party. The convention was divided into factions of Conkling and Fenton, our U. S. Senators, the former of whom is justly charged with absorbing for his creatures all the federal offices within the State, leaving Fenton and his followers "out in the cold." The enmity between the two Senators is bitter and irreconcilable, and the same bitterness of feeling characterizes their respective followers. Conkling—"Lord Roscoe"—is egotistical and tyrannical, and Fenton is a crafty, "mousing politician," who notoriously won his seat in the U. S. Senate by the lavish use of money and the exercise of every species of political chicanery. Yet they are nobile fratrum—there is nothing to choose between them on any moral or patriotic ground. Fenton had at least the good sense to stay away from the convention, and leave his friends to contest the battle; while Conkling was present and was very prominent in the faction fight, regardless of the dignity of his position of U. S. Senator, as he is generally reckless of all considerations but those that immediately effect his imperial self.

We have this week, within the suburbs of the city, the Agricultural Fair of the Onondaga Indians, on which occasion ex-Gov. Seymour, at their earnest solicitation, delivered an address of a suitable character. These aborigines, you will thus see, are advanced beyond their nomadic ancestors. Their reservation secures to every family a generous-sized farm, of fertile soil, which the law will not permit them to alienate, and they have at least an opportunity, as well as a motive, to cultivate the science of agriculture. It is but justice to them to say that in most instances they do this quite successfully. Although, at the same time, it must be admitted that there are a number of individual exceptions; but this Fair business is a novelty of a couple of years duration, and I doubt not will be productive of good results. I send you a copy of the Democratic "Courier," of this city, which contains Gov. Seymour's interesting address. Some extracts from which may please your readers, especially when they remember the romance surrounding such an address to the decendants of the great Six Nations, whose annals are so closely identified with our early national history. The Onondagas were the keepers of the council fires of the great Indian Confederacy, and produced many of the most renowned warriors whose deeds now thrill the reader of our colonial history; whose unsparing enmity gave our fathers such terrible conflicts in the old French war and the Revolution, but who were faithful and valiant in our cause in the last war with England. That portion of the tribe who still hold to the "faith as delivered to the Saints"—the faith of their fathers—last week held their annual corn-dance, in which all the ancient customs of the tribe are seen in their pagan character. The "christianized" part of the tribe abjure these old customs, and have prim meeting-houses and countenances; but with all respect to christianity, I am not aware that these are any better people than their "pagan brethren."

Yours, ONONDAGA.

Letter from Bucksport.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BUCKSPORT, Oct. 3, 1871.

The steam ferry boat Gen. Totten which plies between this place and Prospect, came very near being destroyed by fire last Saturday night. She had been chartered by the Oak Hill Base Ball Club of the Seminary, for the purpose of meeting the Hampden Academy Club at Winterport for trial of skill. The game was declared in favor of the Oak Hills. The steamer returned about midnight, and was discovered to be on fire at one o'clock Sunday, by our village watchman. By this timely

The schooner Frank Barker of Rockland, loaded with lime for Saco, went ashore and sunk near Biddeford Pool. Vessel and cargo will be a total loss.

A party of suspicious Wisconsin burglars took away 980 nickle pieces, and left $11,000 worth of bonds on the floor.

A Savannah man was cured of rheumatism by the active movements he made to get out of the way of a mad steer.

The "Nathan murderer" is being allowed to rest in peace, wherever he is. The detectives have about given it up.

A bouquet made of grasshoppers strung on wires took a premium at a county fair in Massachusetts.

The "embers" of the dying year—September, November and December.

Local Items, &c.

News of the County and City.

DEATH OF PRESCOTT HAZELTINE. The people of our city were surprised and pained on Saturday last to learn of the sudden death of their highly esteemed fellow citizen, Prescott Hazeltine, Esq. He had been in apparently vigorous health up to within one week of his death, and bade fair to live many years. But incautious over exertion which brought on a severe cold, together with imprudence in diet, resulted in an attack of bilious colic, which proved fatal. Mr. Hazeltine was born in Warwick, Mass., in June, 1807, and was one of six brothers—Harry, Benjamin, Arad, Prescott, Paul R. and Mayo—who emigrated to Maine. Of these Paul R. alone survives. Prescott engaged in trade in Belfast in 1827, and was among the most prominent merchants, a man of the utmost uprightness and probity of character, during his long business career. He married a daughter of the late Salathiel Nickerson. About three years ago he disposed of his business, and retired to the enjoyment of a well earned competence. Although he gave apparently his mind almost wholly to mercantile pursuits, they by no means absorbed his whole life. He was kind-hearted, sympathetic, and eminent in his dealings. Few men enjoyed to a greater degree the attractions of nature, the woods, lake and stream, or sought oftener to lay aside the cares of business and seek their soothing influences. He will be long missed by his old time business associates, by his numerous friends, and in the bereaved family circle.

WALDO COUNTY FAIR. The annual exhibition of this year at our Fair Grounds indicate a hopeful state of things in respect to the affairs of the Society. We say hopeful, because it is evident that when an institution of the kind has gone down until it has touched bottom, it must in future go upward if it moves at all. That it has come to this complexion must be acknowledged by all who contrast the full complements of cattle, horses, sheep, poultry, and all varieties of farm stock that once filled the grounds to the delight of beholders; the splendid root crops, orchard products, household manufacturers, curiosities—and all the thousand and one objects that go to make up the interest of those occasions, with the generally meagre and pitiful show of this week. There are the same people, the same farms, and with improved products. Why, then, after the expenditure of so much money on grounds and buildings, is the Society suffered to run out and become contemptible? If the fault lies where the general belief places it, in the lack of common sense management, the society should see about a reform at once.

In one department only, that of fruit and vegetables, was the exhibition of this year respectable.

The trotting took place on Tuesday. The County Trot open to all horses raised in the county was won by horse owned by Daniel Pitcher. The sweepstakes created the most interest, and was contested for by Waitawhile, owned by G. L. Murphy, of Stockton; Shoofly by Averill of Frankfort, Redbird by Frank Pitcher, Belfast, and gray horse by Drake, Louisville. The contest was between Waitawhile and Redbird, and was won by the former, in three straight heats. The trot for five years old, was won by horse owned by David Lancaster, Belfast.

THE MILBURN ENTERTAINMENT. This gentleman, the great comic vocalist and composer, who has recently delighted audiences at the Boston Theatre, will appear at Hayford Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week. He is supported by a large company of dramatic talent, and we doubt not will give excellent satisfaction. In our judgment the public will find the entertainment to be much superior to those ordinarily given by travelling companies. The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette says of Milburn—

"The great Milburn is certainly the peer of Lingard, whom he surpasses both in melody and the development of character; his changes are very neatly and quickly made, and his facial expression are really scientific. His female impersonations are perfection. He is truly the great, the musical and inimitable Milburn.

The announcement of the managers of the Lyceum course of Lectures in this city will be noticed in another column. The best possible arrangements have been made for the amusement and instruction of our people during the winter, and the highest of available lecture talent engaged. The two ladies announced, Mrs. Dutton and Miss Logan, are of acknowledged excellence, and we think will give great satisfaction. The opening lecture by Mr. Murray is a new one, and is said to be of uncommon interest. Course tickets will be for sale early next week. We need scarcely remind our people that the enterprise in which we have thus far prospered can only be kept up by liberal patronage.

The steamer Cambridge, of the Sanford line, under command of Capt. Johnson, continues to be very popular. The new steward, Mr. Geo. J. Wight, is introducing many improvements in his departments, which is now admirably conducted, meals being furnished to order from a bill of fare containing all the delicacies of first class hotels. We regret to learn that Mr. Wasgatt, the popular clerk, is about to leave the line, and engage in other business. He has won the esteem of all with whom his duties have brought him in contact, by gentlemanly deportment and courteous regard for the comfort of travellers.

At the County Fair, Mr. Lewis Atwood, of Winterport, made a fine exhibition of fruits from the nursery of S. Boardman & Co., Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Atwood is agent for the firm, and fills all orders for fruit trees, plants, &c. Among these were splendid specimens of Sheldon, Louise bon d' Jersey, Buffum, Beurre Diel and Vicar of Winkfield Pears. Also four varieties of Rogers hybrid Grape. Boardman & Co. are practical nursery men, who grow the stock that they sell, and have a first class reputation all over the country.

County Attorney Boyle relates a dog story. During the absence of his family last week, the Journal and the Prog. Age were both left at his door. The dog, who had charge of the premises, laid the Journal in a safe place, and then proceeded to chew the Age into small bits in a manner to utterly destroy the usefulness of the sheet. Boyle says that the perverse animal has been carefully brought up in his family, in correct political notions, and he is at a loss to account for his conduct.

The house of Capt. Fred. Waterhouse, in Searsport village, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night. Its origin is a mystery, and nothing was known of it until the flames were discovered bursting throug a the western end. Most of the contents of the house were saved. Loss $1200—partly insured. The house of John Putnam took fire, and was damaged about $500—insured.

We have received from Mr. Donnell, of Searsmont, a specimen of red pop-corn raised by him the present year, and which is the handsomest we have ever seen. The ears are ten inches in length, and the kernel of that quality which bursts out white and clear when the girls and boys have their corn-popping frolics before the kitchen fire.

Mr. R. E. Patterson, of Searsport, has presented us with a sweet potato. The fact of itself is not remarkable, but the potato is. It's a wonderful vegetable. We have read of

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones"

—but never of such a vegetable.

Hiram Marden, of Palermo, was recently killed by falling from the scaffold of his barn. He was 64 years of age, and a prominent citizen.

On Saturday, as the steamer City of Richmond was leaving her wharf, a man in a boat sculled directly across her bow, heedless of the warning of the whistle. The natural consequence was that his boat went under the wheel, and he was tipped out. He was hauled on board with a line, in a very wet and discouraged condition.

ADJOURNMENT OF COURT. Judge Kent has given notice of an adjournment of the October Term of the Supreme Court for this County, from the third Tuesday of October to the following Monday, Oct. 23d, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M.

The town of Searsport, which was named for the late Hon. David Sears, of Boston, has received a large collection of valuable books, bequeathed by him, as the beginning of a public library.

His Honor Mayor Marshall has acquired a new claim to the title of one of the City Fathers by a little event that occurred at his residence on Saturday evening. She is a girl.

Steamer Argo did not make her trip from this port to the eastward on Saturday. She was at Bangor receiving repairs to her machinery.

Our popular dentist, Dr. Lombard, has taken a partner. The announcement will be found under the marriage head.

The marvellous hues of the foliage are daily growing more brilliant, and the season of fruit gathering is at hand.

All the pilots of the Sanford line of steamers, Messrs. Stanley, Patterson, Rogers and Roix, are Belfast men.

The train for this city on Tuesday morning struck and killed a horse that got upon the track in Thorndike.

A squad of Capt. Fogler's company was out on a parade by moonlight on Saturday evening.

Mr. G. P. Raymond, recently in the millinery business in this city, has removed to Bath.

Sylvanus T. Edgcomb severely cut his foot in the Carter shipyard on Sat urday.

A schooner load of coal is being transfer red to the cars for Skowhegan.

—She is 76 years old and lives in Wilton. Her health is excellent, and she never went to the circus. She spins and weaves over 100 yards of cloth a year. She is religious, and was discovered by the Farmington Chronicle.

—It is indeed true that there are defaulters in the republican party, but that organization never could be justified with a systematic defence of the recusant officers. [Machias Rep.

Suppose, in view of the paper credit frauds in Maine, we call it "a systematic covering up"?

Salt Lake Affairs.

SALT LAKE CITY, October 2. Brigham Young was arrested this afternoon at four o'clock, upon the indictment of the Grand Jury charging him under the Utah Statute with lewdly and licentiously cohabiting with sixteen different women. The arrest was made by U. S. Marshal Patrick, at the residence of the "Prophet." Owing to the sickness of the prisoner he was allowed to remain at his house to-night, in charge of the Deputy Marshal. He will be taken before Judge McKean to-morrow. The penalty imposed by the statute, on conviction on this charge, is imprisonment for not over ten years nor less than six months, and a fine of not over $1000 nor less than $100.

The rumors of trouble and an outbreak among the Mormons are not to be credited. The Mormon leaders give assurances that all processes of the Court will be obeyed. Gov. Wood has made every preparation for an emergency, and he will maintain the law at any cost. Another company of United States troops arrived here to-night from Fort Bridge. It is reported and generally believed that indictments have been found against Brigham Young to-day for murder.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Oct. 8. Brigham Young was too ill to appear in Court this morning, and his arraignment was therefore postponed. He remains at his residence in the custody of Deputy U. S. Marshals. The arrests created some thing of a sensation but no popular excitement. Gen. Henry A Morrow, formerly in command here, arrived last night and was enthusiastically received. He is under orders to report at Camp Douglass. A company of Cavalry from Fort Steele, and a full battery from Fort Halleck, are expected to-morrow. There are now about 5,000 troops in the camp. The penalty for the crime charged against Brigham Young, if convicted, is ten years' imprisonment and $1,000 fine.

The Court this morning in the counsel for Brigham Young, having stated that Young was sick and unable to appear, moved that he be admitted to bail. Judge McKeen said that if the prisoner was sick he might remain in his house unguarded for the present, but that a motion to admit to bail could not be entertained until the prisoner appeared at the bar of the Court.

In the Hawkings case a motion was made to quash the indictment, which was overruled, but time was granted to file a plea of abatement. All is quiet and there are no indications of trouble.

Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of the city and third President of the Mormon church, was arrested this evening by U. S. Marshal Patrick, upon an indictment of the Grand Jury, charging him under the Utah Statutes, with lewdly and lasciviously cohabiting with one Louisa Free, whom Wells claims as one of his wives. The accused was taken before Judge McKeen and held to bail in $5,000 to answer at the present term of the Court. In this case, as in that of Brigham Young upon a singular charge, Mayor Charles H. Helmsted and Hon. T. Fitch are counsel for the defence.

New York Democratic Convention.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 3. Indications are that the Democratic State Convention will be more largely attended by spectators than was the Republican Convention. Tweed and party are expected to arrive this afternoon. The talk is that the Tammany delegates are to be ruled out of the Convention. Frances Kiernan is actively engaged in canvassing, and Cassidy of the Argus is closeted with Tilden and other leaders.

2 P. M. The feeling against Tammany is not quite so strong at this hour, though Tilden still thinks that the New York Reform delegation will be admitted to the exclusion of the Tammany delegates.

Various propositions are actively canvassed. One is to admit both delegations and allow them a half vote each, but the members of the Reform delegation declare they well not set in Convention with the Tammany Representatives. Another proposition is to throw both delegations out which the Reformers say will suit them better. The leading members of the party say the turmoil will simmer down to a satisfactory point before morning.

Many county delegates feel indisposed to have the settlement of the matter thrown upon them. Kings County and Brooklyn delegations, it is said, favor the admission of Tammany delegates.

Midnight. Tweed and a large delegation of New Yorkers arrived to-night. Governor Seymour had an interview with Tweed, but no satisfactory result was reached. Tweed it is understood is willing to accept only a compromise, which recognizes the regularity of the Tammany delegation as it basis. Some members of the delegation threaten to bolt if not given their seats. On the other hand, it is said that the State Committee can see no chance for the admission of the Tammany delegation; other reports indicate that a compromise is possible, but that the Tammany delegates indignantly rejected a proposition from the State Committee to make one of their bitterest enemies temporary Chairman. It is rumored that twenty car loads of roughs are on route from New York, and that police will be brought into the Convention to preserve order. It is thought that Hon. Lucius Robinson will be temporary chairman.

AN ELEPHANT ON A RAMPAGE. On Tuesday evening, about 7 o'clock the monster elephant belonging to O'Brien's menagerie:—which exhibited at Danielsonville, Conn., on that day—became enraged or frightened from some cause, it was thought on account of the thunder storm which was passing over the village, and pulling up the tree to which he was fastened as though it were but a withe, he marched out of the tent and took a short cut across lots to the premises of a neighboring farmer, where he amused himself for some time in tipping over sheds, devouring corn fodder and doing other similar damage, after which, despite all the repeated efforts of his keeper, he proceeded to take a rapid promenade, following a horse and carriage for some distance, greatly alarming two persons who were in the carriage, as he gained upon them in what they feared might be a race for life, but they managed to keep out of his way. The elephant was finally checked in his career, a mile and a half from the village, by several ounces of cold lead which his keeper fired into his side, so far sobering him that he consented to return and was then driven toward Norwich.

Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 2.

The following is the official statement of the public debt for the month ending Sept. 30 1871:

Debt bearing coin interest,	$1,874,560,000 00
Interest,	37,450,729 67
Debt bearing currency interest,	12,168,000 00
Interest,	323,100 00
Matured Debt,	1,832,532 25
Interest,	303,924 16
Debt bearing no interest,	411,545,631 32
Unclaimed interest,	9,612 13
Total debt,	$2,330,115,165 58
Total interest,	38,087,456 35
Grand total,	$2,368,202,619 93
CASH IN TREASURY.	
Coin,	$90,514,897 87
Currency,	16,995,782 19
Debt less cash in Treasury,	$2,260,663,939 87
Decrease during the past month,	13,458,630 51
Decrease since March 1st, 1871,	60,014,967 65
" " " 1st, 1869,	264,799,320 14
The Pacific R. R. Co.'s bonds outstanding amount is	$64,618,832 00
On which the accrued interest not yet paid is	960,282 48
Interest paid by United States amounts to	12,602,475 41
Interest repaid by the transportation of mails,	3,183,086 00

Horrible Accident.

LOUISVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 2. At Paoli Indiana, on Saturday, the cords of a balloon in which Prof. Wilbur was preparing to make an ascent gave way, the Professor and Geo. W. Knapp, editor of the Orange County Union, grasped the ropes and were carried up. Knapp fell thirty feet without serious injury. Wilbur was carried up a mile, when he was unable to climb into the balloon; he lost his hold and fell to the ground crushed in an indistinguishable mass.

Lynch Law.

COLUMBUS, S. C., 28.

The town of Madison, Morgan county, Ga., is excited over a case of lynch law. It appears that a negro was attempting to to violate the person of a girl returning from school, and was arrested and placed in prison. The negroes threatened to rescue him, and Thursday morning a large body of white men entered the jail and murdered the negro.

Belfast Police Court.

Reported for the Journal.

Oct. 2. Peter Lochran was arraigned for disturbing the peace by making loud noises and screaming fire in the streets. Peter has been insane, and was recently an inmate of the Augusta Asylum. Found guilty, and sentenced to fine of $5 and cost. Appealed.

Oct. 3. Selden Hancock, of Burnham, a bad egg who frequently comes before Judge Patterson's tribunal, was examined on a charge of indecently exposing his person. The court found probable cause to believe him guilty and ordered sureties in $500 for his appearance at the Supreme Court.

As a party of gentlemen were enjoying a sail in the yacht Lillie, a few days since, they sighted two fin-back whales when about two miles out from Nahant, each measuring from fifty to sixty feet in length. Being curious to obtain a nearer view of the big fish the party followed them for half an hour, approaching so near that when they rose to blow, the spray flew in the faces of those on board the yacht. These huge denizens of the deep seemed to be enjoying their visit to the bay very much, amusing themselves with some pretty tall spouting, throwing the water to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Those who saw them say that they might have been easily captured had the proper apparatus been at hand.

New York Markets.

[By Telegraph to the Journal.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th.

Flour dull and heavy, $7.30@7.50. Wheat dull and lower, $1.56@1.58. Corn dull, but firm, 73@77c. Oats dull, 52@56c. Pork firm, $13.62. Lard steady, 10 1-4@10 1-2l. Gold, 13 7-8.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

[For the week ending Wednesday, Sept. 27.]

At market for the current week—Cattle 3569; Sheep and Lambs 15,361; Swine 1040. Last week; Cattle 3732; Sheep and Lambs 13,067; Swine 890.

From Maine—Cattle 1070; Sheep and Lambs 1542.

Prices of Beet Cattle, per 100 lbs, the total weight of hides, tallow and dressed Beef—Extra quality $6.75@7; first quality $6@6.50; second quality 5.25@5.75; third quality $4@5; poorest grade of Cows, Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3.75@4.50.

Working Oxen—Extra, $300@250; ordinary, $140@190; poor Oxen from $45 to $100.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $11@15; 2 year olds, $15@28, 3 year olds, $25@45. Those of a poorer quality at prices ranging from $7@30.

Milch Cows—Extra $60@90; ordinary, $45@60 per head. Store Cows, $20@35.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and selected lots, $3.50@5.25; Ordinary, $1.75@3.00; or from 4@6c per lb.

Swine—Store pigs, wholesale, 5@6c; retail, 6 1-2@7c per pound. Fat Hogs 5@5 1-2c.

Poultry—Extra, 14@15c; medium, 14@14 1-2c; poor 13 1-4@13 3-4c.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

MONDAY, Oct. 2, 1871.

BUTTER—We quote fine New York and Vermont butter at 22@36c per lb, choice summer made at 25@27c; good do 22@24c; fine Western at 19@21c; common and inferior do at 12@15c; Inferior and bakers' butter sells at 11@12c.

CHEESE—We quote fine New York and Vermont factory at 9 1-2@11c per lb; Ohio factory at 9@10c; choice dairy at 8 1-2@9 1-2c; common do at 7@7c.

EGGS—The market is steady and quiet, with sales of Eastern at 32c per dozen, and Northern at 30@31c.

BEANS—We quote choice pea beans at $2.25@3.50 and choice medium at $2.50; common pea beans $3@3.25; common medium $2 12@2.25; yellow eyes at $2.25 per bush.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes 55c; Sweet Potatoes sell at $3.50@4.25 per bbl.; Onions are dull at $7 per bbl.; Watermelons $18@20.

FRUIT—We quote choice Western apples at $3@4 per bbl. and common at $1.50@2.50 per bbl; Peaches $1@2 per crate.

HAY—We quote choice new hay $33@34; choice old do at $35@37; common to good, including New York, $23@30 per ton. Straw is selling at $26@27 per ton.

BELFAST PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1871.

Flour,	$8.00@11.00	Round Hog,	8 to 10
Corn Meal,	90 to 00	Clear S't Pork	17 to 18
Rye Meal,	1.25 to 0.00	Mutton per lb.	5 to 6
Rye,	80 to 90	Lamb per lb.	6 to 8
Corn,	00 to 00	Turkey per lb.	20 to 25
Barley,	70 to 75	Chicken per lb.	15 to 16
Beans,	2.25 to 2.75	Duck per lb.	20 to 00
Marrowfat Peas,	1.00 to 1.25	Geese per lb.	15 to 18
Oats,	55 to 00	Hay per ton,	$20 to 23
Potatoes, New	40 to 45	Lime,	$1.25 to 00
Dried Apples,	8 to 9	Western Wool	50 to 00
Cooking, do.	33 to 50	Unwas'd "	35 to 42
Butter,	28 to 30	Pulled "	45 to 50
Cheese,	15 to 00	Hides,	7 to 00
Eggs,	22 to 24	Calf Skins,	16 2-3 to 00
Lard,	14 to 15	Sheep Skins	75 to 1.25
Beef,	5 to 8	Wood, hard,	$5.50 to 6.00
Ap'ls, Baldwin,	0.00 to 0.00	Wood, soft,	$4.00 to 00
Veal,	5 to 6	Dry Pollock,	4 to 5
Dry Cod,	8 to 10	Straw,	$8 to 10

PARKS HOUSE, BOSTON. This house offers many advantages to the travelling public. Its proximity to the leading places of amusement, its neat, airy and comfortable rooms, and very moderate prices, render it a desirable stopping-place. On European Plan. Single rooms can be had at 75 cents and $1 a day.

DR. E. R. CLARKE'S VEGETABLE SHERRY WINE BITTERS are a certain cure for female sickness, by taking a wine-glass half full before getting out of bed in the morning. Delicate Ladies will find it of great service by using it three or four times a day. Sold by all dealers in medicines. tf

CORNS. Imagine for a moment what agony is endured from Corns, Bunions, ingrowing Nails, Sore Insteps, Blistered Heels, Callosities on the soles of the feet, &c. Then you will understand why there is a rush for Dr. J. Briggs' Corn and Bunion Remedies. Sold by Druggists. tf

HEADACHE! Brigg's Allevan tor is composed of Ammonia, Chloroform, Spirits of Camphor, Tincture of Lupuline, Oil of Juniper and Alcohol. This compound in unequalled in the annals of medicine for the cure of Nervous or Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Trembling or Twitching of the Nerves, and all Nervous Diseases. tf

PILES. It is no more strange than true that one half of the adult population suffer with internal, external, bleeding, or itching Piles. It is admitted by eminent medical men that a reliable remedy must and will have an extensive sale. This has been demonstrated by the wonderful increasing sale of Dr. Brigg's Pile Remedies. The progress of this disease, in its various forms, is arrested, and some of the most surprising cures have been effected by its use. Sold by Richard S. Moody, S. A. Howes & Co., Belfast, L. Curtis Jr., Searsport, Roberts & Hichborn, Stockton, Mudgett & Sibly Prospect, J. W. Seavy Frankfort, and Druggists generally. tf

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, Creams, &c, &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

DR. WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM. This Balsamic compound has become a home fixture. Let all who suffer, and have in vain attempted to cure their coughs, colds, bronchial or pulmonary complaints, make use of this unequaled remedy. It can be relied upon, the mass of testimony that has been published since its introduction, being ample proof of its efficacy.

LET EVERYBODY READ the invaluable medical and physiological treatises published by the "Peabody Medical Institute," Boston. "The Science of life, or Self-Preservation," will when carefully perused, convince the most skeptical reader that it is comparatively easy to avoid the ills which beset the young and thoughtless, and that the weakened forces of manhood may be re-established—that happiness and usefulness may be restored to those whose constitutions have been prematurely broken down. "Sexual Physiology of Woman," one of the publications of the Institute, is filled with matter of vital importance to females. Read by all means the advertisement of the "Peabody Medical Institute," in another column.

FROM observations under the Microscope of the blood of patients using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, taken from time to time, positive proof has been obtained of the steady removal of disease and dead blood particles and the substitution of vitalized discs, so necessary to the construction of healthy muscle.

There is no disease flesh is heir to more troublesome to manage than Rheumatism. It comes when you least expect it, and generally remains till it gets ready to go away. The most conspicuous remedy for this complaint is "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

Two or three doses of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders" will cure a horse of any common cough or cold, and the very worst cases may be cured in a few weeks. We know this from experience.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Cause and Cure of Consumption.

The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime which is clogging those organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose, the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills cleanse the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid, and the appetite is poor. In the bowels, the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and refined; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of consumption is the free and perseveringuse of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things, a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat, then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and it a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has been recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there danger of a relapse, or a fatal termination of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are in a mass of sores, upon which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot be healed so long as it is exposed to all the biting blasts of winter or the chilling wind of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cared by this treatment of the worst kind of consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the first of October I expect to take possession of my new building at the north-east corner of Sixth and Arch streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D., Philadelphia.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Agents. BOSTON.

4w13

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

PUBLISHED as a warning and for the benefit of *young men and fathers*, who suffer from Nervous Debility, &c., supplying THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope.

Address, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6m15sp.

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

Let no one leave home without a bottle of LATHAM'S CATHARTIC EXTRACT. One should have a stomach of iron to stand hotel life; but the most delicate need not fear, with a bottle of Latham's Cathartic Extract at hand.

HUNDREDS OF MOTHERS

testify in favor of LATHAM'S CATHARTIC EXTRACT. 1tsp

MARRIED.

In this city, 2d inst., by Rev. W. O. Thomas, Mr. Chas. A. Greene to Nortiport, to Miss Evie A. Lane of Haverill, Mass.

In this city, Sept. 20, by Rev. R. K. Harlow, Mr. Edson W. George of Wrentham, Mass., to Maria A. Monroe of this city.

In Rockland, Sept. 15, J. H. Haines to Lizzie M. Palmer, both of R.

In Thomaston, Sept. 18, Thomas Fuller of Castine, to Emma L. Wiley of T. Also, Wm. S. Peters and Rebecca Fuller, both of Warren.

In Rockville, Sept. 19, Moses C. Smith to Julia G. Barrows, both of R.

In Hope, Sept. 24, Alonzo S. Mansfield, and Miss Carrie C. Mansfield, both of H.

In Friendship, Sept. 15, Albert Morse of F. to Carrie Harrington of St. George.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 20, Otis Leland to Dellie C. Hadley, both of E. Also, 26, F. Collins to Ella Beal, both of E.

In Searsmont, Sept. 23, William J. Brown to Martha Webb.

In Surry, Sept. 21, A. Patten of S. to Mary Smith of Ellsworth.

In Camden, 17th inst., Isaac Jameson to Melissa M. Blackington, both of C.

In Woburn, Mass., 26, by Rev. S. R. Dennen, Dr. G. P. Lombard, of this city, to Addie Stront of W.

DIED.

[*Obituary notices, beyond the date, name and age, must be paid for.*]

In Morrill, Sept. 11, Mrs. Maria Burgess, aged 61 years.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 19, Lizzie B. Scott, aged 3 years.

In Union, 9th inst., Nathan M. Gleason, Esq., aged 64 years.

In So. Thomaston, Sept. 16, Eliza Sleeper, aged 46 years.

In Swanville, Sept. 4, Thankful Wing, aged 65 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Sept. 28. Schs Aurora, McCarty, Boston; Brilliant, Varnum, Hoboken; Mary Lymbumer, French, do; Caws, Pickering, N.Y.; Earl, Ferguson, Boston; Henry, Carter, Salem.

29. Schs Helen Maria, Prince, Portland; D. K. Arey, Ryan, Boston.

Oct. 2. Schs Fannie and Edith, Ryder, Salem; Mazurka, Kimball, Bangor.

SAILED.

Sept. 29. Schs Abby Gale, Ryan, Boston; Gen. Meade, Cunningham, do; Cameo, McCarty, do; Adaline, Darby, do.

30. Brig B W Cochran, (Br.) Boyd, Windsor, N.S.

Oct. 4. Schs Forest Queen, Tilden, Fishing; Fannie and Edith, Ryder, Ellsworth; Earl, Ferguson, do.

The Calais Advertiser says sch B F Waite, owned by Chas. Waite & Co., Calais, Samuel B. Alyward, Capt., left St. Marc, Hayti, July 31; arrived in Boston, discharged cargo of logwood, took in ballast, came to Calais, discharged ballast, loaded with lumber, went to New York, discharged, then to Port Johnson, took in coal and back to Boston, in 47 days; making the trip from Boston to Calais, discharging ballast, loading with lumber and back to New York in 11 days.

The steamship Siberia, from Liverpool, in coming up Boston harbor, Tuesday morning, got in contact with brig Potomac of Bucksport, Carver, from Roundout for Boston, which was at anchor in Lighthouse Channel. The brig had her bow stove and lost forctop and jibboom. The steamer received no damage. There was a thick fog at the time.

Boston, Oct. 3. Barque Lucy A. Nickels, of Searsport, Me., from St. Helena Sound, S. C., for London, was at Fayal, Sept. 11th, in distress, leaking with half of her cargo discharged for repairs.

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS!

H. H. JOHNSON has just received the best selected Stock of Dress Goods, Trimmings, Millinery, Waterproofs, Cloakings and Domestics offered in this city. The selections are made with care, and will be sold at prices *Satisfactory to CASH PURCHASERS.*

4f13

HAYFORD HALL.

E. GRANT, - - Manager.

GRAND DRAMATIC EVENT.

Friday and Saturday Eve's, Oct. 13 & 14.

The New York and Boston Favorite Star Comique.

200 Nights Last Fall at Globe Theatre, New York.

THE GREAT MILBURN

Will sustain several characters in his original Comic Opera, entitled

LOVE & PRIDE.

SPLENDID DRESSES, AND GROTESQUE DANCES.

Assisted by his

COMBINATION.

The only MILBURN will also appear as

Rip Van Winkle,

Introducing a Magical Transformation,

FROM YOUNG TO OLD.

THE JUVENILE STAR, MLLE RIDDELL.

During the evening the only MILBURN will give his popular

ELECTRIC SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LIFE

and will give a selection from his

FIFTY-TWO COMIC SONGS,

Of which he is the COMPOSER, including his latest Political Hit,

TAMMANY IS DREAMING.

Prices of Admission 35 and 50 Cents. Reserved Seats (numbered) may be had of M. P. Woodcock, Main St., opposite American House.

Adjournment of October Term

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT

CLERK OF COURTS' OFFICE, BELFAST, Sept. 30, 1871.

I am directed by Judge Kent, who is to preside at the Term of the S. J. Court next to be holden at Belfast, on the third Tuesday of October, to give notice that the Court will be adjourned from that day to the following Monday, October 23d, at 2 1-2 o'clock P. M., to enable all interested to attend the Celebration of the opening of the E. & N. A. Railroad at Bangor, commencing October 17th; and all jurors, parties, and others interested are notified that they will not be expected to appear at Court until the day to which the same will be adjourned.

W. G. FRYE, CLERK.

1w

APPRENTICES WANTED IN A MACHINE SHOP.

Young men, of sixteen years of age and upwards, and of good character, who are desirous of learning thoroughly the Machine business, and of becoming skilled in the working of Metals, will find a good opportunity for obtaining that knowledge at the WHITE MACHINE WORKS, Whitinsville (Worcester County), Mass. Parents are assured that the location is favorable to the health and good morals of their sons, and to their attainment of thorough mechanical skill. Full particulars given on application by letter to

G. E. TAFT, Supt., Whitinsville, Mass.

TO LET!

THE STORE ON HIGH STREET, OPPOSITE Phœnix Row, recently occupied by Messrs. S. A. Black & Co. JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.

Belfast, Oct. 4, 1871. 1st1f13

HOWE'S Hand Potato Digger!

The attention of Farmers is solicited to this New Implement for Digging Potatoes, by means of which this important crop can be secured much quicker and easier than by any other method. All farmers know that potato digging with the hand-hoe is hard, back-aching work; the slowest and most disagreeable of all farm labor. When potatoes are plowed out, they are scattered and many are lost; the work of picking up is tedious and slow; none of the horse potato diggers work well if the ground is stony and weedy.

Howe's Hand Potato Digger

does its work equally well under all conditions of the field. There is no stooping or bending the back. The operator stands perfectly erect, and by one motion of the hand and foot the tubers are instantly removed from the hill and the product of two rows are deposited in one, free from dirt; thus rendering the work of picking up mere nothing compared to picking after the horse diggers. One hand will pick up four times as many in a day after this digger as he can after any potato digging plow. One boy, 15 years old, can dig and pick up more than twice as many potatoes in a day as a man can in the same time with a common hoe. I have dug, myself, 45 bushels in less than three hours, with this digger.

It is, beyond all question, the best implement for digging potatoes ever offered to the farmers of this country. No farmer would ever dig potatoes with a common hoe, after using one of these.

We will send this implement, with directions for using it, to any part of the State or country on receipt of price, and warrant it to give satisfaction.

Price, $4.00. Sample Digger sent to any one who would like to act as Agent, for $3.00. Agents wanted in every town.

Address the Manufacturers and Patentees,

4w12 O. P. HOWE & CO., Augusta, Me.

BUY THE BEST.

If you wish to obtain the LATEST IMPROVEMENT in Clothes Wringers, get the

Improved Universal Wringer.

A Recepe for Yeast.

[From Oliver Optic's Magazine.]

A handful small of fragrant hops deposit in a kettle:
Then add a pint of Adams's ale, and boil them till they settle;
Then if you wish to brew good yeast, lively and sweet, you'd *oughter*
Take four potatoes, medium-sized, and wash them well with water;
Divest them of their jackets next—in common parlance, *skin* 'em—
And faithfully dig out the eyes; there's dirt embedded in 'em.
Then make assurance doubly sure, and banish all pollution,
By subsequently giving them another grand ablution;
Then boil them—half an hour, perhaps; of course your judgment using,
Or steam them, if you like it best; the method's at your choosing.
But whether boiled or steamed, cooked by steam, the *process* should be rapid;
Potatoes *moderately* cooked are heavy, sogged, vapid.
Then mash them thoroughly, each lump with vigor pulverizing,
And put them in a vessel which leaves ample room for rising;
A cup half filled with sugar add; 'twill sweeten it enough,
It needs the same amount of salt; you'll find it *quantum suff*,
The hop infusion strain in next, a pint, you mind by measure;
Then with two quarts of water warm dilute it at your pleasure.
And gently keep it moving, from circumference to centre,
Never fail to bid your *silver* spoon its hidden depth to enter;
Then add two brimming cups of yeast and quickly take occasion
The fragrant mixture to subject to brisk manipulation,
And, when the entire ingredients are mingled well together,
Then give the opportunity to rise, according to the weather—
In winter set it near the stove, and oft renew the fire;
In summer place it farther off, the temperature is higher—
Then patiently the issue wait, while Time his flight is winging,
Its status scanning now and then; and when you hear it singing,
And see upon its surface—now here, now there—a bubble,
You'll feel a thousand-fold repaid for all your toil and trouble.
Give to the wind all idle fears; all doubts, all scruples banish;
And when the bubbles thicken fast, and crowd and break and vanish,
The yeast is prime, your toil is o'er, success has crowned persistence,
And loaves of tender, light, sweet bread are looming in the distance.

Power of Short Words.

The late Professor Addison Alexander, D. D., is the author of the following remarkable composition, which appeared originally in the Prince own Magazine:]

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not though it gleam and shine—
Light but not heat—a flash, but not a blaze!
Nor is it mere strength that the short words boast,
It serves of more than fight or storm can tell.
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead:
For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn first to keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose, or rhyme.

A Hidden Treasure.

Among the many strange events that now and then startle the community, an occurrence of a singular and unusual character was developed yesterday. Ten years ago an Irish laborer on the Panhandle road, by the name of Carrighan, pitched his "shanty" near Holliday's Cove, West Virginia, opposite this city. With the aid of an industrious wife they soon had a nice garden patch near the proposed new road and they prospered, the husband and wife working and husbanding their earnings. Carrighan was eccentric in his notions, and by far too reticent in telling his wife what he did with his wages, as he would disappear from home on receiving his pay, but return the next day, without telling his wife a word as to where he had been or what disposition he had made of his money. Two years passed, and the economy of the couple, their honesty and good management, must have put them in easy circumstances, but upon this question Carrighan was singularly silent. One day in the spring of 1864, Carrighan left his home for the last time; for while working at a cut in the road a rock fell and crushed him to death. The sudden blow to the wife produced aberration of the mind, left as she was without the slightest knowledge of her husband's financial condition, and without friends and kindred. For seven years the widow labored assiduously to provide bread for herself and family, and, although considered of unsound mind, administered to the wants of her charge with all the kindness of a mother's disposition. She always contended that her husband had his money secreted in some place about the premises, but the most careful search failed to produce the slightest trace of the missing money. Yesterday, however, the mystery of ten years was cleared up, and the partially deranged woman was brought by the blessing of God, to a full return of her senses, by the finding of the hidden treasure. The discovery was made by a man named Scott, who was working in the cellar of the shanty occupied by Carrighan at the time of his death. He discovered buried in the earth an old coffee pot. Upon lifting the half-decayed vessel from its resting-place, he discovered the money so long lost. In the pot was found $90 in silver, thirty-three sovereigns, and $645 in American gold, in all $900 in specie. The glad tidings were communicated to Mrs. Carrighan while she was at work over the wash tub, and the money passed to her charge. This morning she deposited the entire sum with the firm of R. & T. Mears, of this city. [Steubenville Herald.

Singular Death.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

Yesterday morning, Mrs. Mary Ann Marshall, a widow lady, residing at No. 30 Isabella street, Allegheny, came to her death, in a very singular manner. About a week ago while eating a biscuit at supper, she swallowed something which had been embedded in the food, whether a nail or a piece of glass cannot be told. At the time she experienced an acute pain, as though the foreign substance was cutting its way down, but in a few moments it was all over. The next day she complained of a slight soreness in her throat, which seemed to extend down into the breast. No attention was paid to the matter, however, and it was not until a couple of days had passed and the soreness had increased so as to be uncomfortable, that she called the attention of Dr. Cooper, the family physician, to the singular circumstance. Notwithstanding medical care she grew rapidly worse, and about Thursday her throat and upper part of the chest were very much swollen. Dr. L. H. Willard was then called in, but despite every exertion of the medical gentleman, the patient became worse, and the inflammation increased until yesterday morning, when death resulted.

A peculiar circumstance in connection with the case, was the fact that the lady throughout suffered comparatively but little pain, yet medicine seemed not in the least to check the inflammation which resulted fatally. It is not known what the foreign substance swallowed was, but the friends think it must have been a small nail—though how it could get into the food is a mystery. No post mortem examination has been made however, and this is but conjecture.

A Burglar's Fingers—A Neighbor in the Scrape.

A short time since there occurred in the city of Buffalo an attempt at burglary, which for some reason was not recorded by the generally enterprising journals of that city. The circumstances connected with the singular affair were, as we have learned them (says the Rochester Democrat) as follows:

A gentleman in that city, engaged in an extensive trade, often drew a considerable sum from the bank upon those days when he intended to start early the next morning for a neighboring city on business. His wife remonstrated with him on this practice as it of necessity left the sums drawn in his residence over night, which would prove a strong temptation to burglary should any one evilly inclined know of the circumstance. But the merchant persisted in the habit, as men often do against the prudent counsels of their better, and, we may add, wiser halves. On the day preceding the night when the singular event occurred the gentleman in question drew, as before, several thousand dollars, and went home with it, purposing to leave on the early morning train. Toward nightfall, from some cause, he changed his mind, and in the dusk of the evening departed for the cars, of course taking the money with him. Women are proverbially light sleepers, and some time during the night the lady awoke, imagining she heard a slight rattle of the blinds. Listening she detected further, first one blind and then the other softly opened. Rising noiselessly from her couch, she stole through the room, and in the woodshed found an axe, with which she silently but rapidly returned. The room was on the ground floor and next to the street. It was perfectly dark inside the apartment, except where the light from a glimmering street lamp at some distance shone through one of the lower corners of the window. By the time the lady reached the window, which she did so silently that the person outside was not alarmed at his operations, she found that the sash was being slowly raised from beneath. The brave women, axe in hand, waited breathlessly for the next move of the housebreaker. After having lifted the sash a few inches, which he effected easily from the outside, as the catch had carelessly been left unfastened, the person, whoever he was, stopped, and soon the women, who was watching every moment, saw a man's hand slowly and carefully inserted beneath the sash. The axe was already raised in her hands, and bringing the blade down with a sudden and accurate movement, she chopped off all the four fingers of the burglar's right hand. She heard a suppressed oath, followed by the sound of retreating footsteps, and all was still.

The brave lady wrapped the bloody fingers in a cloth, and on her husband's return gave them to him, and at the same time telling what had occurred. The merchant, instead of informing the police, determined to investigate the affair himself. He took the fingers to every surgeon in the city, and at the same time inquiring if they treated a patient who had lost the four digitals of his right hand. His search was at last rewarded, and the name of the individual who attempted the burglary discovered. It was one of the merchant's neighbors, one who lived on the same street and only the second house from him. He carried the matter no farther, and the circumstances were kept as quite as possible. The neighbor had doubtless learned the merchant's habit of keeping large sums at certain times in his house, had seen him come home with the money, and being ignorant that the gentleman, contrary to his usual custom, had departed in the evening, planned the robbery. The bravery and coolness of the lady were such as would not often be found under similar circumstances.

The Muscular Strength of Insects.

The strength of an insect can be finely illustrated by a fact that was once performed by a beetle—*oryctes nainoa*—a variety that is quite common in the United States. The beetle, for want of any box at hand, was put beneath a quart bottle full of milk upon a table the hollow at the bottom allowing him to stand upright. Presently, to the surprise of all in the room, the bottle began slowly to move and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it readily moved a weight one hundred and twelve times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within against the side. We have another instance of insect-power that is quite as remarkable as the one just related. A small kind of carbus, an elegantly formed ground-beetle, weighing three and a half grains, was once fastened by a silk thread to a piece of paper, a weight having been previously laid upon the latter. At a distance of ten inches from its load, the insect was able to drag after it, upon a inclined plane of twenty-five degrees, very nearly eighty-five grains, but when placed on a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one hundred and twenty-five grains exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load.

A Dangerous Railroad Ride by Four Little Boys. A singular, and what might have been a tragic incident, occurred on the Hudson River Railroad on Saturday last. An extra locomotive was ordered from Poughkeepsie to New York, and just before it started four little boys, who were playing about the depot, supposing it was a switch engine and only going a little way down the track, climbed stealthily upon the wooden guard just above the bumper on the rear of the tender. This guard is only three inches wide. Three of the boys sat down upon the guard, with their legs hanging over, and the fourth got astride of the iron link which protrudes from the bumper. They could not be seen by the men upon the engine, which moved on and continued increasing its speed until it was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, as was ordered. The boys were in a terrible situation. They dared not climb to the top of the tender for fear of losing their balance, and their cries were drowned by the noise of the engine. Over bridges and on the edges of precipices they were whirled, the tender surging to and fro, the dust filling their eyes and noses, and almost choking them to death, and entirely obscuring them from view of the flagmen and trackmen who were passed. The locomotive was signalled at New Hamburg, a man having seen the boys on the rear of the locomotive when it left Poughkeepsie. The poor little boys presented a sorry sight, as they were covered with dust from head to foot. The boy who was astride of the link was unable to walk, when taken off, his legs being awfully chafed by the motion of the engine. The hands of the other boys were blistered terribly, and the blood oozed out from under their finger nails, so tightly had they grasped the woodwork of the tender. They were nearly exhausted, and could have maintained their position but little longer, when they would have probably been instantly killed by the fall. They were taken back to Poughkeepsie, where the incident had become noised abroad, and a large crowd of people were in waiting at the depot to see them when the train they were on arrived.

"What are you about my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was idling about the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

The Chicago stock-yard, it is said, is to have over the exit gate the legend "Hinc, illae lachrymae," which, being freely interpreted, is "Hence! These steers."

New Advertisements.

BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
A compound of *Cocoa-nut Oil, &c.* Acknowledged *the best promoter of the growth and beauty of the hair.* JOS. BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass. Sold by all druggists. *Beware of imitations.*

ILLINOIS INVESTMENT SECURITIES.
TEN PER CENT. REGISTERED TOWN AND COUNTY BONDS, PAYABLE BY THE STATE TREASURER. TEN PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS WITH WIDE MARGINS.
JACOB R. SHIPHERD & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 24 PINE STREET NEW YORK. Nos. 155 & 157 La Salle St., Chicago.
OUR "HAND-BOOK of ILLINOIS SECURITIES." SENT FREE.

FREE FOR ONE MONTH TO ALL WHO ASK FOR IT; 75c. to Jan., '72; $1.50 to July, '72; $2.50 to Jan., '73. **THE METHODIST.** Every week a Lecture Room Talk by Beecher; Sermon or article by Talmage, second only to Beecher in popularity; Mrs. Willing's great serial story exposing secret workings of Romanism in America, and much other good readings. G. Halsted, 114 Nassau St., New York.

FREE **Try Samples** of our great 8 page, **$1.00** illustrated weekly **30** years established. Fine steel engravings free to subscribers. Agents make $5 a day. Send for **Saturday Gazette**, Hallowell, Me.

H. HENDERSON'S
FAMILY LIQUOR CASES,
Each Case containing One Bottle of
OLD PALE BRANDY | HOLLAND GIN.
OLD RYE WHISKY | OLD PALE SHERRY.
FINE OLD PORT | OLD BOURBON.
Guaranteed Pure and of the very Best Quality.
PRICE SEVEN DOLLARS.
Sent by Express C. O. D., or Post-office order.
H. HENDERSON, 15 Broad St., New York.

PATENTS solicited having strong and valid claims. Difficult cases a specialty. W. E. SIMONDS, 345 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.

ASTHMA FARNHAM'S Permanent Cure for the ASTHMA.
Relief guaranteed in five minutes, by inhalation. Also, cures Hay Fever and Rose Cold. Recommended by Physicians. Price, $2 per box. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. WM. H. FARNHAM & CO., 410 Broadway, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists. P. O. Box 2844.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
A Desirable Hiss.—There is the hiss of ridicule, the hiss of scorn, the hiss of snakes in the grass; but the most delightful hiss is that of
Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient
In the sparkling goblet, giving assurance to the invalid that his thirst will be deliciously assuaged; that his stomach will be refreshed and purified; that if he is feverish, his body will be cooled by healthful evaporation; that if he is constipated, the difficulty will pass away without a pang; and that if the condition of his general health is impaired, it will be speedily restored. Of course, he will take care to **procure none but the genuine.**
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DON'T fail to try Dr. Kimball's B. C. Balsam, for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Chest and Lungs. A pleasant and effectual remedy. KIMBALL & Co., Prop's, Augusta, Me.

IMPERIAL TSING TEA
Is a choice **Black Tea.** Orange Pekoe flavor. Cures headache, quiets the nerves, refreshes the system. $1.00 per pound. Ounce sample by mail on receipt of 10 cts. Address THE GREAT EAST INDIA TEA CO., P. O. Box 2823, Boston, Mass.

ALL SOLDIERS who were wounded, or contracted permanent disease in the army, can get pensions by writing to JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Government Claim Agent, Middlebourne, Ohio. Soldiers of 1812 get pensions. Enclose postages.

$30. We will Pay $30.
Agents $30 per week to sell our great and valuable discoveries. If you want permanent, honorable and pleasant work, apply for particulars.
Address DYER & CO., Jackson, Michigan.

THE CURTAIN RAISED.
How it is done, and who does it. The Alena Book, 192 pages, gorgeously illustrated with cuts, positions &c. Sent by mail, securely sealed, for fifty cents. Grand Circular, free. Address WARREN EMMONS, 688 Broadway, New York.

MATHEWS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Hard and Soft Wood,
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, SHUTTERS, WINDOW FRAMES, &C.,
And all Kinds of Finishing Mouldings.
—ALSO—
Glazed Windows & Dealers in all kinds of Eastern
LUMBER!
Board, Clapboard, and Knee Planing, Sawing and Job Work of all kinds done with dispatch.
FOUNDRY BUILDING,
Foot of Main St., - - - - Beltast, Me.
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COUGHS COLDS WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. INFLUENZA CONSUMPTION
This well-known remedy does not dry up a Cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations; but it heals and cleanses the lungs, and allays tritation, thus *removing the cause* of the complaint. SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

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Energetic, intelligent Ladies and Gentlemen should apply immediately for territory and the terms for local agency in any part of the United States and British Provinces, for REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., great work now in press. The title is "HOME WORSHIP FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR." This is a valuable religious work for all denominations of Christians, prepared and published expressly for the Subscription Department of JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. Canvassers will find this new book excelling all other Subscription Books in attractiveness. Liberal Terms given. Address all applications and orders to
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50 Every Man his Own Painter.
Is the title of a Book published by ANSON GILMAN, Lewiston, Me. It gives full directions for Mixing and doing all kinds of HOUSE, CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTING, GRAINING, ENAMELING, VARNISHING, KALSOMINING, WHITEWASHING, &c., in plain English. Every family should have a copy and do their own Painting. Copyright recured. Agents wanted. Sent postpaid for 50 cents by Anson Gilman, Box 298, Lewiston, Me. (State where you saw this.) 3m10*

STORE TO LET!
A VERY DESIRABLE STORE, WITH GOOD cellar for storage of Potatoes, situated on the square at the foot of Main street, near the railroad depot. Rent reasonable. Apply to
tf7 F. B. FREDERICK.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL!
At wholesale or retail at the lowest market price by
A. J. HARRIMAN & CO.,
No. 60 Main St. - - - - Belfast, Maine.
Feb. 14, 1871. tf32

Real Estate for Sale.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS for sale, the house and lot situated on Wadsworth Street, in Thomaston, belonging to heirs of the late Capt. Joseph Gilchrist. Said lot contains about 27,000 feet of land with a large two story house and other buildings situated thereon, and will be sold low if applied for soon. For terms, call on the subscriber. J. M. BEVERAGE.
Thomaston, Aug. 24, 1871. tfS

ROOM TO LET!
In City Block, over the store of Isaac Allard. Apply at THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
Sept. 5, 1871. tf9

HILL'S RHEUMATIC PILLS.
Justly celebrated for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Sick Headache. Also Hill's Pile Ointment, equally reliable for the cure of Piles. For sale by Wm. O. Poor & Son and Richard H. Moody of Belfast, and all other Druggists at the small price of 25 cts., per Box; 5 Boxes for $1.00. Sample Boxes sent free by
3w* O. A. HILL, Proprietor, Portland, Me

GRAND
OPENING
THIS DAY OF FALL AND WINTER
DRY AND
FANCY GOODS!
AT
Geo. W. Burkett's
Strict attention has been paid to the selection of these goods, and we feel confident that the variety of Styles and Prices will be calculated to please the PUBLIC.
The demand for our BEAVER MOHAIRS has been so great and the praises lavished upon them so pleasing, that we are obliged to present the same brand before the Public once more.
TRADE MARK PAT'D.
Ask for no other but the Beaver and you will secure a Mohair unexcelled for beauty of finish, and durability of wear.
In connection with this department you will find a large line of MOURNING GOODS such as:
Cashmeres, Cretonnes, Brilliantines, Tamise, Grace De Venice.
SHAWLS.
Paisley and Cashmere Shawls in choice and selected designs. All the new and desirable styles in Wool and Worsted Shawls at the lowest prices.
WATERPROOFS.
Remember our prices on Waterproofs are as low as of last year, notwithstanding the advance on them in the Western Markets.
WE CUT FREE OF CHARGE ALL WATERPROOFS PURCHASED AT OUR STORE.
FLANNEL GOODS.
Having purchased our Flannels before the rise on them, we are prepared to cater to the public wants so that they will be enabled to save money on them, give us an early call and you will secure a good trade.
WARREN GOODS
Will be found at our establishment and those in want of these favorite goods will find a nice supply.
DOMESTIC GOODS.
Large Job Lots have been secured at Reduced Prices, and we are bound to give the Ladies the benefit of the reduction.
Gent's Furnishing Goods.
such as:
Shirts, Drawers, Stockings, Braces, Neckties, &c., constantly on hand
Feathers, Oil Carpets, Hemp Carpets, Curtains, Fixtures, Cornices, Straw Mattings, &c.
will be found in stock at the lowest market prices.
MILLINERY.
We take this method of informing the public that by October 1st, an entire new stock of Millinery Goods, will be added to the other departments of this store, under the sole charge of two experienced and popular milliners from abroad. Those desiring goods in this line would do well to give them a call.
WANTED--DOMESTIC YARN,
Highest Cash Prices paid.
Geo. W. Burkett,
HAYFORD BLOCK, Church St., Belfast.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
INSIDE LINE TO
Mt. Desert & Machias.
TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.
STEAMER
LEWISTON,
Capt. CHAS. DEERING,
Will leave **Railroad Wharf,** Portland, every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, at 10 o'clock, or on arrival of Express Train from Boston, (commencing 16th inst.,) for Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, So. West Harbor, Mt. Desert,) Millbridge, Jonesport and Machiasport.
Returning will leave Machiasport every Monday and Thursday mornings at 5 o'clock, (commencing 15th inst.,) touching at the above named landings.
The Lewiston will touch at Bar Harbor, (Mt. Desert,) each trip from June 30th to September 15th in addition to her usual landing at So. West Harbor.
For further particulars inquire of ROSS & STUDIVANT, 170 Commercial Street, Or CYRUS STUDIVANT, General Agent.
Portland, May, 1871. 1f34

SANFORD'S
Independent Line!
FOR
BOSTON & LOWELL
THREE TRIPS PER WEEK.
On and after FRIDAY, April 14, the
STEAMER
CAMBRIDGE,
Capt. J. P. JOHNSON,
AND STEAMER
KATAHDIN,
Capt. H. S. RICH,
Will leave Belfast for Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 5 o'clock, P. M. RETURNING—Will leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Fares and Freight Reduced!
GEO. G. WELLS, Agent.
Belfast, April 14, 1871. tf34

FARES REDUCED!
INSIDE LINE. 3 TRIPS PER WEEK.
STEAMBOAT AND RAILROAD.
1871. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1871.
THE STEAMER
City of Richmond
Capt. DENNISON,
Leaves Bangor every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 6 o'clock, touching at all the usual landings on the river and bay, arriving at Portland in season to connect with the 6 o'clock Steamboat Express Train, arriving at Boston at 10 o'clock, same evening.
Returning — Will leave RAILROAD WHARF, Portland, same evenings, at 10 o'clock, or on the arrival of Steamboat Express Train from Boston, touching as above, arriving at Bangor at about 10 o'clock next morning.
Connections can be made in Portland with all Railroad and Steamboat Lines.
Going East, sure connections can be made at Belfast with the Belfast & Moosehead R. R., and European & North American Railway at Bangor.
FREIGHT TAKEN AT REDUCED RATES.
FARE, Belfast to Portland $2.00. To Boston by Railroad $3.50. By Steamer from Portland, $2.25.
Meals Served on the European Plan.
ROSS & STUDIVANT, Agents, 170 Commercial Street, Portland.
June 1, 1871. 3f

Farm for Sale,
SITUATE IN NORTHPORT, 2 1-2 miles from Belfast, containing about 60 acres of land; a large orchard of the best Fruit, Grape, Cranberry, and other small fruit. Well fenced and watered. Buildings good; House and L., new. Will keep a Horse and 12 to 15 head Cattle. An excellent Brick Privilege bordering on a brook. Near a School House and in a good neighborhood. Will be sold cheap and on the most liberal terms if applied for soon.
Apply to J. C. LEWIS, New Castle, Maine, or on the premises to THOMAS WATERMAN, or JOHN M. WOODS. 6mos.42* May 4, 1871.

EASTERN
Steamboat Line.
THE STEAMER
ARGO,
Capt. G. F. KISSAN,
WILL COMMENCE RUNNING FROM
ELLSWORTH TO BELFAST,
On Monday, June 26, 1871,
Leaving Ellsworth at 6 o'clock A. M., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, touching at Mt. Desert, Brooklin, Sedgwick, Deer Island and Castine, arriving in Belfast in season to connect with Sanfords' Independent Line for Boston; also connecting with the Maine Central Railroad for Burnham, Kendall's Mills, Waterville, Augusta, Portland and Boston.
Returning—Will leave Belfast for Ellsworth on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings on arrival of Steamers Cambridge and Katahdin, touching at the above named landings.
Fare from Ellsworth to Boston, by Sanfords' Line, $4.00. From Ellsworth to Belfast, $2.25.
FREIGHT TAKEN AT FAIR RATES.
The Steamer **ARGO,** is a good, substantial, side-wheel Boat of 250 tons burthen, with good accommodations for passengers, and in first rate order.
W. O. McDONALD, Agent at Ellsworth.
GEO. G. WELLS, Agent at Belfast. 51

AUTION
To Females in Delicate Health.
DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Fluor Albus, Suppression, and other Menstrual Derangements, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedy relief guaranteed in a few days. So invariably certain is the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.
Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.
Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.
Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.
N. B. All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Boston, July 25, 1871. 1yr3

Maine Central R. R.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS, 1871.
On and after JUNE 5th, next, passenger trains will leave Belfast for Boston and Portland, at 8.30 A. M.—at 7 P. M., connecting at Burnham with night Express with **Pullman Sleeping Car** attached, for Portland and Boston.
Freight Train leaves at 6 A. M., connecting at Burnham at 8.30 A. M., with mixed train for Bangor and Dexter.
Trains are due at Belfast—At 7.10 A. M. Night Express from Boston, (this train will arrive every morning except Mondays). At 6.45 P. M. Mail Train from Portland and Boston. Freight Train, at 5 P. M.
Through Tickets will be sold to Boston and baggage checked through, and to all Stations on any of the lines managed by this company.
EDWIN NOYES, Sup't.
L. L. LINCOLN, Ass't Sup't.
May 27, 1871. tf17

MASON'S
German Liniment!
THE GREATEST INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL Remedy ever used for the Cure of Cold, Cough, Toothache, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Contracted Cords, Muscles and Tendons, Sprains, Frost Bites and Chilblains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Pleurisy, Pains in the Side, Breast or Back, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Cramp or Colic Pains, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, also inflammation of the Kidneys, Liver Complaints and Palpitation of the Heart, Impurities of the Blood and Ringworm, Bites of Insects, Reptiles or Dogs.
The above medicine is compounded on the most scientific principles, combining powerful remedies found in no other Liniment. For Internal and External diseases, none ever equalled it. It at once stops all pain, producing a healthful tone to the whole system. It penetrates rapidly, acts directly on the absorbents, equalizes the circulation and corrects any and all derangements of the nervo-vital fluids.
The above medicine has been put to the severest test ever met with, and has proved to be more than represented. It is recommended by all who use it.
Prepared only by C. A. MASON, No. 22 Church St., Belfast, Me., to whom all orders should be addressed and will receive prompt attention. 4tf

DOLLAR REWARD SOAP
Washes without rubbing; Removes Pitch, Tar, Paint, Grease, Sweat and Leather Stains, &c.; Washes with Hot or Cold, Hard, Soft, or Salt Water; Saves Labor, Time, Fuel, Clothes, and Money. Clothes washed with it wear twice as long as if washed with common soap. One pound of it will wash from ten to fifteen dozen pieces of ordinary family washing. It washes the finest lace without injury, and renders all articles as clear and bright as new.
THE DOLLAR REWARD SOAP!
Try it in the Bathroom; it leaves the skin cool, smooth and soft. Use it to cleanse your Marble Ornaments, Mantles, Door-steps, &c., and Brick Walks and Alleys. Use it with scouring-brick in cleansing iron or steel; it saves half the labor, and gives a better appearance. It makes Tin Ware shine like new, and has no equal in cleansing glass or china. Dissolved in boiling water, it makes the best and cheapest Soft Soap in the world.
CHARLES E. MOODY & CO., Boston.
SOLE AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND.
For Sale by all Grocers. 3m11

500 WILL BE FORFEITED BY DR. L. DIX if failing to cure in less time an any other physician, more effectually and per- exposure to all weather, with safe and pleasant medicines.
SELF-ABUSE AND SOLITARY HABITS, Their effects and consequences;
SPECIAL AILMENTS AND SITUATIONS, Incident to Married and Single Ladies.
SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS;
Mercurial Affections; Eruptions and all diseases of the Skin; Ulcers of the Nose, Throat and Body; Pimples on the Face; Swelling of the Joints; Nervousness; Constitutional and other Weaknesses in youth and the more advanced, at all ages, of
BOTH SEXES, SINGLE OR MARRIED.
DR. L. DIX'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL OFFICE,
21 Endicott Street, Boston, Mass.
is so arranged that patients never see or hear each other. Recollect, the *only* entrance to his office is **No. 21,** having no connection with his residence, consequently no family interruption, so that on no account can any person hesitate applying at his office.
DR. DIX
boldly asserts, (and it cannot be contradicted, except by quacks, who will say or do anything, even perjure themselves, to impose upon patients,) that he is THE ONLY REGULAR GRADUATE PHYSICIAN ADVERTISING IN BOSTON,
TWENTY YEARS
engaged in treatment of Special Diseases, a fact so we are known to many Citizens, Publishers, Merchants, Hotel Proprietors, &c., that he is much recommended, and particularly to
STRANGERS AND TRAVELLERS,
To avoid and escape imposition of foreign and native quacks, *more numerous* in Boston than in other large cities,
DR. DIX
proudly refers to Professors and respectable Physicians—many of whom consult him in critical cases, because of his acknowledged skill and reputation, attained through so long experience, practice, and observation.
AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE,
be not robbed and add to your sufferings in being deceived by the lying boasts, misrepresentations, false promises, and pretentions of
FOREIGN AND NATIVE QUACKS,
who know but little of the nature and character of Special Diseases, and less to their cure. Some exhibit forged Diplomas of Institutions or Colleges, which never existed in any part of the world; others exhibit Diplomas of the Dead, how obtained, unknown; not only assuming and advertising in names of those inserted in the diplomas, but to further their imposition assume names of the celebrated physicians long since dead. Neither be deceived by
QUACK NOSTRUM-MAKERS,
through false certificates and references, and recommendations of their medicines by the dead, who cannot expose or contradict them; or who, besides, to further their impositions, copy from medical books, much that is written of the qualities and effects of different herbs and plants, and ascribe all the same to their Pills, Extracts, Specifics, &c., most of which, if not all, contain Mercury, because of the ancient belief of its "curing everything," but now known to "kill more than is cured," and those not killed, constitutionally injured for life.
IGNORANCE OF QUACK DOCTORS AND NOSTRUM-MAKERS.
Through the ignorance of the Quack Doctor, knowing no other remedy, he relies upon Mercury, and gives it to all his patients, in Pills, Drops, &c., so the Nostrum-maker, equally ignorant, adds to his so-called Extracts, Specifics, Antidote, &c. both relying upon its effects in curing a few in a hundred, it is trumpeted in various ways throughout the land; but, alas! nothing is said of the balance, some of whom die, others grow worse and are left to linger and suffer for months or years, until relieved or cured, if possible, by competent physicians.
BUT DR. DIX QUACKS ARE NOT IGNORANT.
Notwithstanding the foregoing facts are known to some quack doctors and nostrum-makers, yet, regardless of the life and health of others, there are those among them who even perjure themselves, contradicting giving mercury to their patients, or that it is contained in their nostrums, so that the "usual fee" may be obtained for professedly curing, or "the dollar," or "fraction of it," may be obtained for the nostrum. It is thus that many are deceived, also, and spend large amounts for experiments with quackery.
DR. DIX'S
charges are very moderate. Communications sacredly confidential, and all may rely on him with the strictest secrecy and confidence, whatever may be the disease, condition or situation of any one, married or single.
Medicines sent by Mail and Express to all parts of the United States.
All letters requiring advice must contain one dollar to insure an answer.
Address DR. L. DIX, No. 21 Endicott Street, Boston, Mass.
Boston, Jan. 1, 1871—1 yr.

TO THE LADIES.—The celebrated DR. L. DIX particularly invites all Ladies who need a *Medical or Surgical* adviser to call at his Rooms, 21 Endicott St., Boston, Mass., which they will find arranged for their special accommodation.
DR. DIX having devoted over twenty years to this particular branch of the treatment of all diseases peculiar to females, is now conceded by all, (both in this country and Europe,) that he excels all other known practioners in the safe, speedy and effectual treatment of all female complaints.
His medicines are prepared with the express purpose of removing all diseases, such as debility, weakness, unnatural suppressions, enlargement of the womb, also discharges which flow from a morbid state of the blood. The Doctor is now fully prepared to treat in his peculiar style, both medically and surgically, all diseases of the female sex, and they are respectfully invited to call at
No. 21 Endicott St., Boston.
All letters requiring advice must contain one dollar to insure an answer.
Boston, Jan. 1 1871—1yr.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers &c.
The subscriber is still at the old stand,
No. 3 CITY BLOCK, - - - - High Street,
where may be found a very large and well selected stock of the above articles, embracing about every variety and style in the Market. He invites his old customers and all others in want of anything in the SHOE line to give him a call before purchasing.
A good stock of
Sole & Upper Leather,
Calf Skins, Splits, Lasts,
And all kind of Findings constantly on hand. Also
Trunks, Valises, and Travelling Bags.
W. T. COLBURN.
Belfast, April 26, 1871. tf32

Ladies! Ladies!
You can have your
Dresses, Sacks, &c.,
DYED, CLEANED, & PRESSED,
Without ripping, also with the trimmings on.
GENT'S GARMENTS THE SAME.
Kid Gloves Dyed or Cleaned,
AT THE
Steam Dye House.
E. BARBIER & CO.,
Office at B. F. WELLS'S Fancy Good Store, No. 17 Main Street, Belfast. 6mos*

United States Hotel,
Cor. FULTON AND WATER STS.
NEAR FULTON FERRY, NEW YORK.
This well known and favorite Hotel has recently been renovated, remodeled and furnished new and elegantly throughout. It is kept on the European plan, and has ample accomodation for four hundred guests.
The location is more accessible to all parts of New York and Brooklyn than any other house in the city. The Broadway stages pass the Hotel every three minutes besides various lines of street cars, one of which intersects every other route in New York.
It being but two blocks from Fulton Ferry, makes it convenient for those wishing to visit the "City of Churches," as from this ferry diverge all the principal railroad routes in the city of Brooklyn.
GEO. N. & H. S. TERRY, Proprietors.
1yr34

BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE
34 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.
The object in establishing this Institution was to attain the greatest perfection in the preparation, practice and use of Vegetable Remedies, and to secure a permanent place where Families, Invalids, or any person could obtain the best medical advice, and such remedies as each might require, without the use of poisonous drugs.
Dr. Greene has been Physician of the Institute since its foundation, now more than twenty-five years. Few men have had so large experience in the treatment of chronic diseases. Dr. Greene is in his fifty-fifth year and has devoted his life to this branch of his profession, and his success, we believe is without parallel.
Among the diseases to